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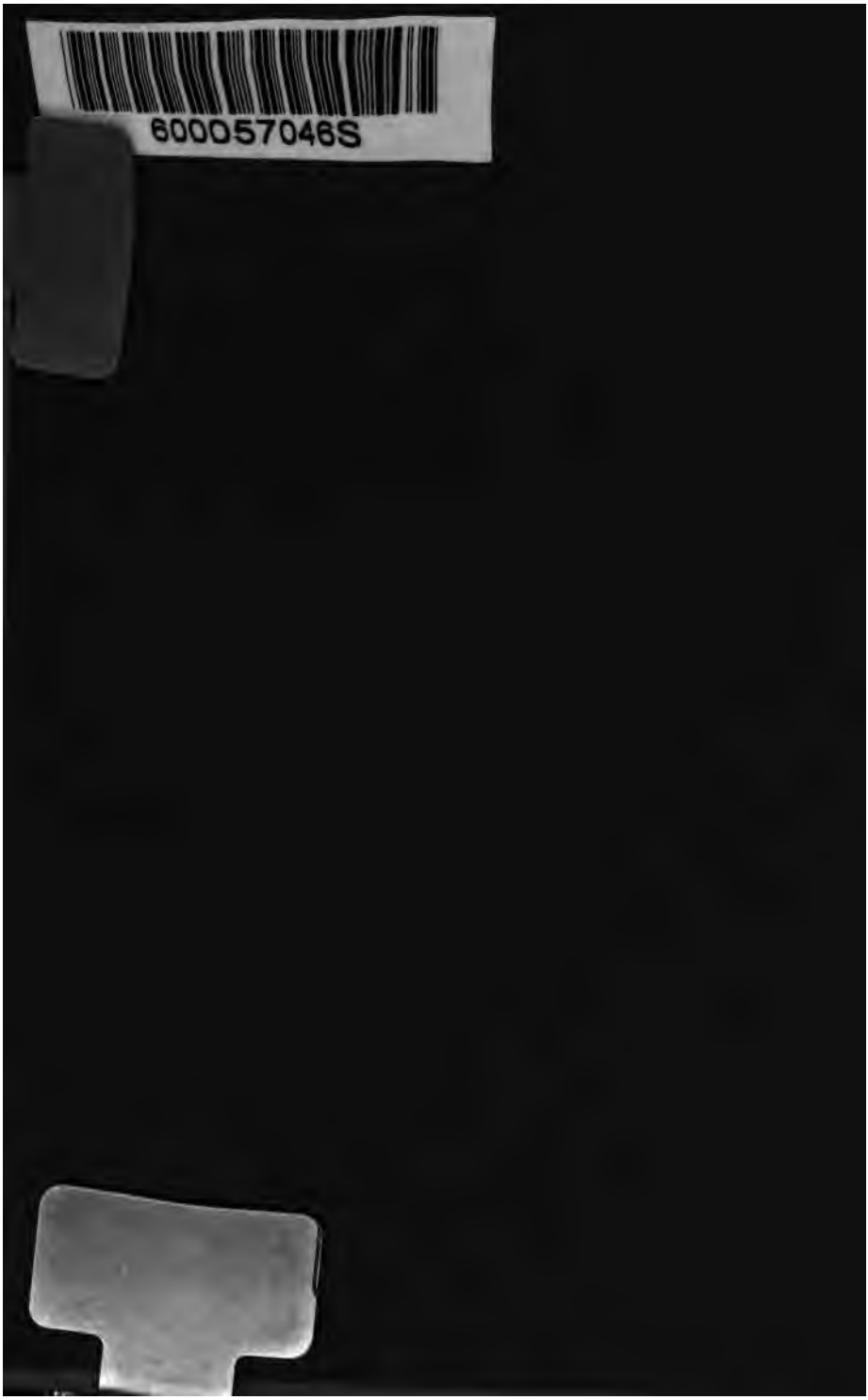
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VOLUME I.

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BY

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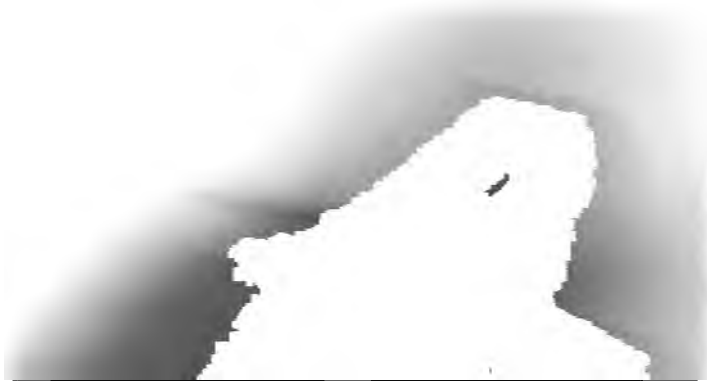

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TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

TO

THE LORD NORTHBROOK,

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED

WITH MUCH AFFECTION BY HIS FRIEND

THE AUTHOR.

London, *Dec.* 1869.

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CASIMIR MAREMMA.

VOLUME I.

bitter, as I thought, upon this subject. I will give his own words, and then relate the conversation exactly as it proceeded from this point.

MAULEVERER. They are, if possible, more noxious animals even than men. Look at their baby-shows, their attendance at pigeon matches, the wonderful follies they have committed in the last ten years in the article of dress, and their general perverseness and absurdity (the present company of course excepted).

The most detestable form that animal life has taken is that of the young male of the human species, and after that, the young female.

SIR ARTHUR. Do you mean, Milverton, to allow him to go on talking in this way?

MILVERTON. Well, Sir Arthur, I am with him as regards baby shows and pigeon matches and feminine dress; but, of course, I think he talks with his usual provoking exaggeration of condemnation. I, who owe so much to women, and who think them to be the choicest production of nature, cannot, of course, agree in what he says about them, and, I am sure, says only to provoke us to take their part, and, if possible, to magnify their merits.

ELLESMERE. I shall have something, too, to say in favour of boys. I admit that they are very mis-

chievous, sometimes cruel (cruel from mere thoughtlessness), and, generally speaking, audacious and inconsiderate. But how frank they are; how truthful; how easily led when you put anything high-minded and anything good before them! Remember Arnold and Rugby, Vaughan and Harrow; and, in short, being a boy myself, as I know Mauleverer thinks me to be, I shall be ready to do battle for boys to any extent when the proper time for battling comes. But, meanwhile, Milverton, do you say your say about women.

LADY ELLESMERE. Yes, Leonard, do speak up for us, and show that we are not the wretches that this misanthrope would make us out to be. It is very mean and contemptible of him to say, as he always does, "present company excepted." And my sister, too, who always thinks of what he likes for dinner, and studies him more than anybody else!

MILVERTON. Well, my dears, I do honestly think that women suffer under certain wrongs, politically and legally speaking. I think that those who are, as the law calls them, *femmes soles*, ought to have the right of voting, if the same conditions of voting belong to them as to men.

I think, moreover, that it ought to be the study of every man who has power and influence in the world, to favour the employment of women in any occupations that are not unfitted for them.

Returning to the question of vote, I think that women ought to be allowed especial privileges. They ought to be allowed to give their votes, as we do at the universities, in writing. I have a horror of women being subjected to the inconveniences and the *dangers*—I wish to underline that word dangers—of crowds and public assemblages. The woman to whom I owe most in the world, died of a very slight blow received accidentally — died of that horrible disease, cancer, and it has made me fear, mortally fear, all such injuries to the delicate structures of women.

I think women possess a common sense and a power of looking at things in reference to the immediate present, which are peculiar to themselves. I believe that we should not have had the bloody and ferocious wars which we have had, if women had possessed more power in the world. They are so eminently practical;—they think first of the husband, and the son, and the brother, and the household; and then they wish life to be beautiful and comfortable for all of us. The abstract considerations which rule us, have comparatively little weight with them. Honour and glory, and balance of power, and progress of the human race, and the ardent desire of making all other people think as we think, are not so potent in women as in men.

ELLESMERE. I decline to be an emu.

MR. CRANMER. What does he mean? Nobody that I heard asked you to be an emu.

ELLESMERE. I will explain. Lady Ellesmere and I went for our Easter holidays to a town renowned for its beauty and its antiquity, which my lady had never seen. This dangerous fellow (here he pointed to Milverton) has made me unpleasantly famous, or as I should rather say, infamous, as one of the "Friends in Council." The neighbouring potentate, a great duke, hearing that we were at this town, called upon us, bringing a letter from the duchess, inviting us to spend a day or two at their palace. Of course Lady Ellesmere said that she had not the proper "things" ("fifty new dresses and nothing to wear") to pay a visit to the duke and duchess; but I overruled her. I am obliged to be stern sometimes; and we went. The truth is, I was tired of the town: there are so many grand things to be seen in it; and compulsory sight-seeing is one of the chief miseries of human life.

The Duke's house is a show-place, the show-place of the county. There are acres of great pictures. As Milverton knows, I don't care very much about pictures. Lady Ellesmere did her duty in seeing them. Women are always true to the conventionalities; but there were creatures to be seen in the duke's grand park which fascinated me—you know

how fond I am of animals. There were kangaroos running about almost wild, as if they were in their native bush.

MRS. MILVERTON. I have never seen a kangaroo, John. What is it like?

ELLESMERE. Imagine a magnified and beatified rat. I have a theory that the Rodents are the most amiable creatures in creation. They are the best fathers and mothers of families. Ask the Lord Chancellor; he will tell you that the fiercest applications for livings for their children come from the Rodent family amongst men—the rats in politics, for instance.

Well, a kangaroo is like a magnified rat; in fact, a rat as big as a donkey, which has sat upon its hind legs, considering schemes of intelligent benevolence, until its fore legs have dwindled down into comparative insignificance, so that it has to rely upon its hind legs as its principal means of locomotion. Its ears, like those of a bat, have been developed by listening perpetually to the dictates of an enlightened conscience. Then they have another great merit. When the little kangaroos make a terrible noise in the nursery, and prevent their wretched father, who is underneath them, from writing sound legal opinions, or reading good books, the mamma-kangaroo pockets the kangaroo brats, and there

is no more noise heard. If I were to descend into the lower sphere of creation, I would be a kangaroo. Altogether it is a charming animal, and it surprised me how anybody could have the heart to kill it.

MAULEVERER. But about the emu: you have wandered from the subject, Sir John. Why do you decline to be an emu?

MRS. MILVERTON. I ask what an emu is like.

ELLESMERE. An emu is a bird about five feet high, like an ostrich. It has a silly expression of countenance, but all its movements are exquisitely graceful.

There was a moat in the duke's park where one of these emus had built a nest, and was sitting diligently upon the eggs. To my horror, I was told that this emu was the male bird. Now I decline to sit upon the eggs, and to do all this nursery business. The female emus not only went out shopping, but they attended at vestries and assisted at public meetings, and, in fact, did all the masculine work.

I was shocked at the conduct of the male emu. I talked to him seriously. I told him that he disgraced our gender. He had the silly, self-satisfied look of a weak-minded person who is doing a very absurd thing, and thinks all the time that he is doing something so clever and so good. At last I got in

such a rage with him that I was about to throw stones at him if one of the duke's keepers had not come up at the time.

LADY ELLESMERE. You never told me anything of this, John.

ELLESMERE. I buried the dread fact in the depths of my own mind. I did not wish to put such a bad example before you, Lady Ellesmere. I began to fear that you would relegate me to the nursery. I know how prone you are to tyrannize over your husband. But I mean this anecdote to be my answer to the woman-adoring Milverton. Let him give them votes; let him find out employment for them; but don't let him encourage them to make me perform the work of a male emu. Again, I say, I absolutely decline to do that.

LADY ELLESMERE. You need not be afraid, John: a bull in a china-shop would be a much more reasonable, manageable, and harmless animal, than such a man as you in a nursery. We can manage the state, and we can manage the nursery, far better than you rude men. We are like elephants: we can bring under discipline the fiercest beasts of the forest, and we can pick up a feather or a pin.

SIR ARTHUR. Well done, Lady Ellesmere: I think we, who are on the side of the women, have the best of the argument to-day. However, I must tell you

an anecdote which I think bears upon the question. A clever boy, hearing a great deal of talk about women's hopes, and women's rights, said to his mother, — taking it for granted that these hopes would be fulfilled and these rights acknowledged :— "I suppose, then, mamma, they will not any longer have the inside of the pavement."

ELLESMERE. That is a clever boy. Don't talk to me any more against boys, Mauleverer. You see how they can hit the right nail on the head. Of course, if women make themselves equal to us, they will no longer, as the boy says, "have the inside of the pavement;" and there was a time, not long ago, when they had the whole of the pavement to themselves, and when we men walked in the gutter.

There is no doubt, seriously speaking, that it is the difference of the sexes—difference in thought, in aim, in pursuit, in everything — that makes the charm of men's society to women, and of women's society to men. Look at it amongst savages. Depend upon it the big Blue-Feathered Hawk would not dote upon his beloved squaw, the Fine-Footed Deer, if she took as many scalps as he did, or, in fact, if she took any scalps at all. The fine art of scalping belongs to him, and is his function. It would be a very rare male "Reviewer" indeed, who would love a woman, because she, too, was a "Reviewer."

MILVERTON. The right appropriation of work is one of the crucial difficulties of the world. One of the greatest books that has to be written, and which will be written some day by some one who is both a practical man and a philosopher, will have for its subject the right appropriation of work. Several of the greatest misfortunes and miseries of the present day have been caused by work having been given to individuals which could be well done only by government, and by work having been done by government which essentially belongs to individuals.

ELLESMERE. That's right, Milverton: one can always rely upon you for some grand maxim being enunciated which it is almost impossible, or, at least, which it requires nearly superhuman wisdom, to act upon.

I can't enunciate these grand maxims; but I can throw out a suggestion or two as to what women might be judiciously employed upon. Now, when we go to see Cranmer, there is a telegraph office at the great town nearest to his place, conducted by a pleasant comely little maiden, who gives great satisfaction in her work.

The last time I had any business with her, she said to me, "If you please, Sir John, we might make this telegram much shorter." "Pray do so, by all means, my good girl. I love shortness in all

things, though my friend Mr. Milverton (you've heard of him, I suppose) does not." And she did shorten the telegram, and saved me half-a-crown.

LADY ELLESMERE. You were not so mean as to pocket the half-crown, John.

ELLESMERE. No: I went to the book-stall, to see if I could lay it out profitably in a book for her. I would not exceed the half-crown: it should be all her own gaining.

SIR ARTHUR. I wonder what book he did get.

ELLESMERE. Not "Realmah," you may be sure, nor even one of your famous books, Sir Arthur. I was afraid to give any of your sentimental stuff to my sedate little maiden. No: after a long study of gorgeously-illustrated paper covers, I chose for her a little book, called "The Lives of Illustrious Men." And she, good girl, pretended to be much pleased with it.

By the way, I have an idea, a brilliant idea, which will aid Milverton in his grand work about the judicious appropriation of human labour. What a difficulty it is to give presents! Let us establish a class of people, whose business it shall be to advise upon the giving of presents. Women would do this best. I have sometimes lost a hundred pounds, I believe, in being dragged about to shops by Lady Ellesmere, to buy some trumpery present.

Now imagine that there was a lady, a middle-aged, judicious, sensible woman of the world, whom one could consult upon such matters. Mrs. Pleasemall, we will call her. I send for her, and I say, "Mrs. Pleasemall, a foolish friend of mine (shall we say his name is Johnson—Alexander Johnson?) is about to marry. Here is a cheque for £22, two for yourself, and twenty for the marriage present to him. He is Scotch; I dare say you have a separate class of presents for those wise and judicious creatures, Scotchmen. Lady Ellesmere will tell you all about him and about Miss Thompson, whom he is going to marry. Good morning."

I should thus save seventy-eight pounds.

LADY ELLESMERE. Poor man! like Her Gracious Majesty, the Queen, he does not know the pleasure of shopping.

ELLESMERE. Now I am quite in earnest in what I am going to say. I assure you I have thought of many new occupations both for men and women. I have often employed my thoughts in that direction. But I shan't disclose them without being paid for it. I do not give anything without a *quid pro quo*. I am a most money-loving[1] man. I will sell them to Milverton, if he likes—£5. 6s. 8d. for each thought.

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[1] For fear our readers should believe this self-abasing statement, I cannot help saying that it is utterly un-

LADY ELLESMERE. They say it is advisable to go out of doors, in order to learn anything about the doings in one's own house. I find out a great deal about my erring husband in these conversations that we have here. He never told me anything about the emu, nor about "the comely little maiden" in the telegraph office. I see now why he is so fond of telegraphing when we are at Mr. Cranmer's.

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true. Sir John is a most generous man. He always tells me to bring to him any case of distress that I know of; but he is as odd in this as in all other matters. He says, "I am infinitely obliged to you, my dear Sandy, when you bring me any good case—anything in which I can be of real use. But it must be something which you can follow up, and work out handsomely. The great art of charity is to push some worthy person through some great difficulty.

"Never believe them. You think that they have told you all. They can't tell you all. It is asking from poor human nature too much, to expect that they will tell you all. You make out that £10 will clear this man; that is what he tells you. Give him £20. You can do it delicately, saying: 'Ten pounds to clear you, and ten pounds to prevent your falling back into the same state again; and, perhaps, that will do, though less would not. Be wise, and come to me whenever you want money.' Of course do the best to be sure that the person whom I am to aid is worthy of it. But do not be small-minded and pedantic in your mode of relief."

ELLESMERE. It is a true bill. And is it not natural that one should prefer having telegraphic dealings, which are seldom pleasant things in themselves, with a gracious maiden rather than with a gruff man?

MRS. MILVERTON. Is not this rather like what is called flirtation?

ELLESMERE. My dear woman, there are flirtations and flirtations. Flirtation, as you choose to call it —the flirtation which I mean—is natural, reasonable, inevitable. When man and woman meet, there is this thing always to be considered—namely, that if they are not within the prohibited degrees, however different their ages, education, and other circumstances may be, they might have married, or might marry. Suppose—and suppose—and suppose (I leave you to fill up the supposes) why then we might be much more intimate with one another than we are at present. Thus they think, or might think, to themselves. There are always sweet, hazy possibilities of this kind, which are unconsciously in presence, and which give a singular grace and beauty to the intercourse between men and women; which create that gallantry (I prefer that word to flirtation) which Charles Lamb has so admirably described in one of his sweetest essays.

MRS. MILVERTON. This is very prettily said, John. I did not know that you had so much——

ELLESMERE. I believe I have mentioned to you before, Blanche, that though I am not the Camomile, I have lived with the Camomile, and know how camomile tea is made.

MRS. MILVERTON. This is not so prettily said, John. If you mean to intimate that, having lived much with my husband and Sir Arthur, you have learnt how to express yourself sometimes properly and prettily, I think you might have referred to the rose and not to the camomile.

ELLESMERE. Oh the vanity of the woman! I do believe she thinks that if I had not had the inestimable advantage of living with her husband, I should have been a boor of the coarsest description. However, to come back to the subject of women's employment, I say that there are many employments that hitherto are not appropriated by women, which they are thoroughly fitted for, and which they would perform quite as well as men, or better. For goodness' sake hand over those employments to them; and keep them quiet, if you can, by work.

MILVERTON. I wish to lay before you——

ELLESMERE. How serious this conversation is becoming. When a man like Milverton says, "I wish to lay before you," something is coming (I know from direful experience) with reference to sanitary affairs, or the currency, or the Irish Church, or the re-

spective merits of direct and indirect taxation, or some of the ineffable botherations which are inflicted upon mankind, and which——

MILVERTON. I say, I wish to lay before you, and to have the advantage of your criticism upon——

ELLESMERE. I did not know you were so fond of criticism.

MILVERTON. —Something which my friend Johnson and I have prepared.

ELLESMERE. Oh! another "Realmah." Some people press friendship a little too far.

MILVERTON. We have written a tale respecting which we wish to have your advice and your criticism; and it is a tale in which women take a leading part.

ELLESMERE. We shall be ready to read it. I suppose Eteocles had to read all the plays which Polynices could not get the managers in Thebes to look at; and that was the reason why the two brothers quarrelled so fearfully. Oh, yes; we will read anything which Milverton and Sandy have written. "Go where glory waits thee:" that is, read anything that your friend may take it into his head to write.

MR. CRANMER. Upon my word, Sir John, you are too bad.

ELLESMERE. The ex-secretary to the treasury is a wonderfully merciful and amiable man, so long as you do not ask him for a Government halfpenny. He

likes us common people to be amused in any way, so that it prevents us from asking him, or his successor, for money. That explains to me why I saw Cranmer the other day looking on with great satisfaction at a company of acrobats. It pleased the people, and did not cost the Government, his dear Government, anything. I did not observe that he associated himself with the people in giving anything when the hat came round.

MR. CRANMER. I need hardly tell you that this is all a fable. I do not waste my time in that way.

ELLESMERE. Waste your time, indeed! The acrobat business is very like that of making a grand financial statement in the House; and you official persons might learn a thing or two from the adroit antics of the men in fleshings, poor fellows!

SIR ARTHUR. I am delighted to hear, my dear Milverton, that you are going to give us, and after us, I trust, the world, a new story.

ELLESMERE. Ugh! there they are, at it again, the two authors. It always delights me to hear that air in "Judas Maccabæus"—

> Wise men flatt'ring, may deceive us
> With their vain mysterious art,

as it always puts me in mind of authors saying nauseously civil things to one another.

Now I'll tell you something, Milverton, much better worth your hearing than Sir Arthur's civil speeches. I will tell you what the world says of you.

MILVERTON. Thank you, Ellesmere: it is proceeding according to custom for a friend to tell one, maliciously, what the world has told him—knowing the pleasure that it is to one's dear friend, to hear the bitterest satire of oneself.

ELLESMERE. Don't get into a rage, my dear fellow. What does Doctor Blair say? "He who suffers his mind to be inflamed by anger, indulges in a brief insanity; but, during that brevity of time, may do some deed which shall convert temporary insanity into permanent madness; and the latter state shall be welcome as being the only refuge from remorse." That is rather too good for Blair; but it applies to Milverton, when he hurls a book at my head, as he often does, for my having said that, as a writer, he is not perfection. But in the present case it is not what I say, but what other people say. They do say, that when you indulge in fiction, you can paint no characters but such as are detestably amiable—model young men, for instance. I hate models. If, like Cervantes, without his genius (that is what the world says, not I), you begin by depicting an absurd character, you cannot help becoming fond of

it, and making it out, after all, to be very grand and very noble. Besides, you don't understand or believe in a villain, my dear fellow. Your views of life are limited. You know nothing of Old Bailey practice. You are an innocent.

MILVERTON. I know very well what this means, and I must answer it seriously. Sir Arthur has seen a great deal of life as a statesman and as a man of letters; you, Ellesmere, have seen a great deal of life as a successful lawyer; Mr. Cranmer has also seen a great deal of life as an official man: has any one of you ever met with this deep, designing, deliberate villain?

ELLESMERE (*after a few moments' silence*). Yes: Sandy, there.

MILVERTON. Now, Ellesmere, do, for once in your life, if only for one five minutes, be serious.

ELLESMERE. Well, Sandy is jealous of me; he does not like my coming into your study in the audacious manner in which I am accustomed to invade that *sanctum sanctissimum sanctorum*. Accordingly, being anxious, as a deep, deliberate, designing villain, to injure me to the uttermost, he recommended to me, the other day, to undertake a course of Scotch metaphysics. He wished thereby to ruin me professionally — to ruin me socially, making me a bore of the first magnitude — and also, by the confusion

between right and wrong, which a course of any metaphysics (Scotch, German, or English) engenders, to make me a very wicked and unscrupulous man.

Yes, I say, Sandy is a deep, designing, deliberate villain.

MILVERTON. Putting aside this nonsense, I do declare (one must sometimes say a word for oneself), that my view of human nature is the right one. Everywhere there is so much beauty of character and so little of deliberate villany. Even vulgarity, which, as Ruskin well says, is a form of death, is only a negative thing. It is the absence of something good rather than the presence of something evil.

Lord Melbourne was a clever man, was he not? a man after your own heart, Ellesmere. Lord Russell once told me that Lord Melbourne was asked what his experience of mankind, as a prime minister, had taught him to think about men. "Oh!" said Lord Melbourne, "they are d——d good fellows in the main: deuced vain, you know; you can never get at the bottom of their vanity, but capital fellows in all other respects." And, if I recollect rightly, Lord Russell's opinion coincided with Lord Melbourne's. I say "ditto" to Lord Melbourne and Lord Russell.

Now I want to call your attention to something which I should think must often have occurred to all

of you, as it has to me. From some accidental circumstance, you are brought into close contact with a stratum of society which you had never known before. Are you not astonished to find what clever, what agreeable, what amiable people there are in that stratum? You wonder that you had never heard of any of them before. I tell you that the riches we possess in the pleasant varieties of human character are immense.

MAULEVERER. This is really too bad; I cannot stand it. I agree with you, Sir John, that Milverton perambulates a sort of fool's paradise, and idiotically magnifies the merits of every human being he comes near.

ELLESMERE. My dear Mauleverer, pray don't say such things: you are almost rude. I think as you do; but you'll see how prettily I will put it. I learnt the art of estimating and describing character from a Jesuit Father. I never read but one sentence of his works; but that sentence was so admirable, and has so thoroughly impressed itself on my mind, that I believe that I am the greatest admirer of the good father's writings now in existence, and perhaps the only one.

CRANMER. I wonder what is coming. I never knew that Sir John was such a theological student as to have read even a sentence of a Jesuit father.

ELLESMERE. I do not mind the clumsy sneers of my financial friend. A very learned man he would be who should recollect but one single sentence of every great writer he had read.

I suppose you are not so ignorant, all of you, as not to have heard of the Albigenses and of Simon de Montfort—a man not in very good odour with Protestant historians, seeing that he slew and burnt thousands upon thousands of "heretics." Well, a certain Father Velly wrote a history of these doings. When Simon de Montfort, in this history, dies, the good father thus describes him: "*Homme incomparable, s'il avoit été moins ambitieux, moins cruel, moins perfide, moins colère, et moins vindicatif.*"

I think I have before now declared to this good company what is my humble opinion about many grammatical rules. The grammarians enunciate a rule, and then they give pages of exceptions. To my poor ungrammatical mind, it almost seems as if it were not worth while to lay down the rule at all, considering there are so many exceptions. My two amiable friends, Mauleverer and Milverton, differ only in this: Milverton learns the rule and forgets the exceptions; Mauleverer learns the exceptions, and takes them to be the rule. Milverton exclaims, in his innocent way, "*Homme incomparable!*" Mauleverer exclaims, "*Homme ambitieux, cruel, perfide,*

vindicatif!" I, like a wise man, combine both rule and exception, and am thus enabled to describe all human characters accurately. I can thus touch off the female character to perfection. "Incomparable creature, woman!" I say, "if she were less vain, less poutative (I like to coin a word sometimes), less disobedient, less expensive, and less determined to have her own way in everything!" What an historian, with the aid of my Jesuit instructor, I should have been! By the way, you must know that the good father was perfectly sincere, and meant to praise his hero, as I should mean to praise my hero or heroine.

I once before made good use of this quotation from Father Velly.

LADY ELLESMERE. I knew this was coming. I wonder that John has been twenty-four hours in the house without telling the story he is now going to tell you. If he had not made an occasion for telling it, I should; for I have found out that it is one of the first duties of wives to introduce the good stories of their husbands, however tired they may be of them. This one is something against myself, and therefore John has an especial pleasure in telling it.

ELLESMERE. Never mind her malice, it is an admirable story, and has a moral to it, Cranmer; a good, stout moral.

You know the muddled way in which one is introduced to people at a London dinner party. I took down a lady to dinner. We had been introduced, but neither of us had caught the other's name. She talked away valiantly, for she was a very good talker. At last the conversation turned upon Lady Macbeth and the great actresses who had represented that character. My fair neighbour said that these great actresses had mostly been tall, graceful, dark-haired women, "whereas," she added, "as I suppose you know, the real Lady Macbeth was a little fair woman, with auburn hair, and small determined features, just like that pretty little woman at the top of the table to whom that elderly gentleman, sitting next her, is so very attentive." (N. B. I always put in the word "pretty" here, for reasons which will be obvious; but it is the only fabulous part of the story.) I said "they are only talking what we call "shop," or shop-gossip, which is the next thing to it. He is a Judge, and she is the wife of a Queen's Counsel; and they are probably settling who is to be the new Vice-Chancellor. But your remark shows great discernment. I am well acquainted with that lady: indeed, I have been married to her for several years; and you are quite right. She is a very resolute, managing kind of person: very like Lady Macbeth.

Of course the lady went into all manner of pro-

testations; but I soothed her by telling her how much I admired Lady Macbeth in her conjugal relation—an erring hostess, but a perfect wife.

SIR ARTHUR. I can't quite agree with you there. She was a very good hostess, too.

ELLESMERE. As we say sometimes now of people who live in the country, "nice people to dine with; but not a pleasant house to sleep at—Macbeth's." And then I brought out my quotation from Father Velly, of course saying that Lady Macbeth was "*Femme incomparable, si elle avait été moins ambitieuse, moins cruelle, moins perfide, moins sanguinaire!*"

MILVERTON. I agree with you, Ellesmere. She was a wonderfully good wife. The ending of that scene, where Banquo's ghost appears, must be a great surprise to most men and women who carefully consider it. If they would own the truth they would confess that, from their own experience, they expected something quite different. But, instead of "How could you?" "and I wonder you did," "and if you had but listened to me," "and if you weren't so foolish"—I mean all these sayings put into good poetry—there merely comes some answer about the hour of night, and the tender, wifely remark—

"You lack the season of all natures, sleep."

There are no vulgar upbraidings between that well-matched, highly-bred, but most wretched couple.

CRANMER. I am not much given to play-reading; but I recollect that this paragon of wifely goodness says some horrid things about a baby.

MILVERTON. She never said them, I assure you. It is quite a mistake. The greatest poets, and the greatest creators of character, are obliged sometimes to belie the characters they have created, by putting strong words into their mouths, which the said characters never used. Only, as I have intimated to you before, the poet or the novelist has so little room to work in, that he is obliged to make his characters say strong things. They are merely representative, these things. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth utter only a few hundred lines, and, of course, there must be some things in these few hundred lines put a little too strongly.

Now if you had to describe such a character as that of Ellesmere in fiction, you would require a large expanse of canvas to do it in. You see it is in the continuity of perverseness, the assured pertinacity of cavilling, and the length and breadth of vexatiousness, that Ellesmere excels. When you have a fellow of infinite contentiousness, who, if left alone for a time, would make faces at himself in the glass, you can't hit him off in a short scene or two—that is, if you do not exaggerate a little. If you have only a small space to give him, you must make him talk concen-

trated Ellesmere,—such talk as he never really did talk. Some people say he is like Mercutio, "without his genius;" ("That's what the world says, not I;") and if in any fiction you could only allow him the space that Mercutio occupies, you must make his dramatic talk very different from his real talk—must give much more force and expression to it. So, with Lady Macbeth.

ELLESMERE. Oh dear! the malignity of some people, if one does but venture to hint that they have a fault.

CRANMER. I am quite bewildered by you people. After I have been some time at Worth-Ashton I hardly know what I am to believe, or what to think, about anything. But where was the moral, the stout moral, to Ellesmere's story?

ELLESMERE. Moral:—When you are in a company that is not thoroughly well-known to you, you should assume that every body is closely related to every other body, and also that every body of whom you are inclined to say anything disparaging is a near relative of your neighbour on the right, or of your neighbour on the left. You know I never object to truth being told; but there are foolish and prejudiced men who might not approve of their wives being likened to Lady Macbeth.

MILVERTON. Well, I believe I am right in my view

of human beings; and I mean to abide by it. In this tale I describe sundry human beings, and I declare I have drawn from real life.

SIR ARTHUR. Ellesmere always accuses us men of letters, Milverton, of flattering one another. I am going to controvert his censure in the present instance, and to say something which may be unpleasant for you to hear. But, as the schoolmaster says of whippings, I do it for your good.

In my humble judgment, there is one great error which runs through all your writings that I have hitherto seen, and which I hope will be absent from this new tale; but I expect it will not be; for, to speak very plainly, the fault is engrained in you.

ELLESMERE. Hurrah! Now we are going to have some fun. No people are so bitter against one another as these literary men, when once they have taken the buttons off the foils, and have deviated from politeness into truth.

MILVERTON. Do not mind him, Sir Arthur; we will take care to baulk his happiness by not quarrelling, whatever you may say.

SIR ARTHUR. Then, in few words, I must say that you always mix up the ideal and the immediately practical in a way which must, I think, greatly militate against your future fame as an author.

MILVERTON. Very good; let it so militate.

Do not think me rude, Sir Arthur, in making this curt reply. Another distinguished man of letters has made a similar criticism. After my good friend Johnson had published our "Realmah," Lord Lytton wrote to me a most admirable letter of criticism upon it. He made a similar remark to yours, and he pressed it further. He said you might live hereafter as an author if you would not mix up the merest temporary questions with all that is ideal in your works. These temporary questions are sure to be settled soon in some way or other; and then all that part of your writing which relates to them, becomes dead wood. These are not his exact words; but they convey the substance of his remarks. It was an excellent letter, for he is a master of the art of criticism. Now, for my reply.

Every man must be true to his own nature and his own genius, however poor that nature, and however creeping that genius may be. I should never have written one line—to tell the truth, I do not care much for mere literature, I mean for success in it—if I had not had some practical object in view. Something strikes me as a great evil, or as a sufficient remedy for some evil, and I must put that something forward. I choose the method of doing this which appears to me most likely to gain the greatest number of hearers, or readers. Believing,

as I do, in the intelligence and goodness of the great majority of readers——

ELLESMERE. Flattery, gross flattery, to the mob!

MILVERTON. —I do not hesitate to put that before them in the best form that I can. Presently I will tell you an anecdote in relation to this.

ELLESMERE. Give us the anecdote now, it does enliven talk so much.

MILVERTON. No, I will not: I go on to say that you must take me for what I am—a man longing to bring some improvement into men's action upon important, present, practical circumstances, and who does not care a dump—one solitary dump—about what the world may think of him, or of his writings hereafter, so that he can do the least present good.

SIR ARTHUR. I will never again say a word against your proceedings, my dear Milverton.

MILVERTON. That is like your generosity, Sir Arthur.

MR. CRANMER. I am wholly with Milverton. We have plenty of difficulties in the present time. Let us do what we can to overcome these difficulties, and never mind about fame.

MAULEVERER. I don't think much about fame: it is only the reputation of fools amongst the more select (perhaps I should say, the more intense) of their species—it is all folly. As Browning finely says,

"What does the world, told truth, but lie the more?"

MRS. MILVERTON. You are quite right, dear. I do not wish to be the wife of a man who should enjoy future fame. I would rather you did something that was of use, even of the slightest use, in the present generation.

LADY ELLESMERE. Never mind them, Leonard; go on in your own way.

MILVERTON. Thank you, Mildred; I mean to do so. In this tale I have sought to show how emigration should be carried on. I do not see why this tale, which is greatly drawn from real life, should not apply to the next age as well as to this; but if it only applies to this age, and if it only does the least good in this present time, I am content. And so I believe will be my good friend and trusty private secretary, Alexander Johnson.

Now do not let us talk any more about myself or my work; but do all of you read it, and say what you may have to say, either for it or against it.

ELLESMERE. But Milverton was to give us an anecdote. I love anecdotes; and, besides, I have often observed that the anecdotic form is the only one in which we get from Milverton any of his peculiar experience of life. He will not tell you anything directly of all the remarkable people he has seen; but he will sometimes favour you with an anecdote about them.

MILVERTON. I will favour you with two, Ellesmere, to-day. Number one bears upon number two, and number two bears upon the subject.

In my young days people of the same party in the state lived much more intimately together than they do now. For instance, there were cabinet dinners once a week; and I think it would be a very good thing if that practice were to be revived. Moreover, the great men of the party lived more intimately with the younger men—with what were called "the rising young men." I remember an old statesman coming to me once at the end of the day's work, and saying: "Let us have a walk, my dear Leonard." He called me, you see, by my Christian name. He was of a Johnsonian nature, and loved to walk from Downing-street to Fleet-street and back. As we walked, the veteran statesman began to tell me what had influenced him most in life. It was not the speeches he had heard in the House; it was not the pamphlets which had been addressed expressly to him; it was not what had occurred in cabinet discussions; but it was the chance sayings, the sayings that he had casually heard, perhaps, at a dinner-table, which, not having been meant for him, yet had hit him hardest, and had made the greatest impression upon him.

So, of anecdote number two, which I am now

going to tell you, it certainly was not meant especially for me; but it has had the greatest influence upon me for many years. I was in office in Ireland, serving under that excellent man, the late Lord Carlisle, then Lord Morpeth. Of course, as an official person, I used to attend the castle chapel. Whenever the Archbishop of Dublin (Whately) preached, there was always to be seen a common soldier, looking up at the archbishop reverently, and paying the greatest attention to the sermon. Some one asked the soldier why he always came when the archbishop preached. He replied, "The archbishop is so easy to understand; one can follow all he says." Now, as you may imagine, the archbishop preached sermons of great pith and purpose; but, of course, they were eminently clear and eminently methodical, and there were no needless fine words in them. I believe that the whole regiment, as well as this common soldier, would have delighted in those sermons; but it happened that it was only that one common soldier who had found out their merits.

Now, what encouragement there is in this anecdote for a man to say his best, so that he says it clearly and methodically, and without needless pedantry. I hate the notion of "talking down" to anybody. I believe that you may talk your very best to every one, so that you guard yourself from being technical

and pedantic. I have often thought since of this common soldier; and he has encouraged me in the endeavour to be clear and precise, but not, if possible, shallow, when addressing the humblest classes of the people.

I do so mourn over the obscurity which sometimes prevails in the writings of great men, when I think what a much larger audience they might have if they would only labour to be clear as well as profound. Macaulay used to say that he wished every sentence of his to be so clear that every footman should understand it.

You will see how this anecdote about the soldier came into my mind when I was speaking of the great intelligence that is everywhere diffused amongst the people. The truth is, we are much more equal in intelligence than is generally supposed. We bother uneducated men with hard words and allusive statements, and then wonder that they do not understand us. By allusive statements I mean those statements which, either in some substantive or adjective, allude to something which you have no right to suppose that any ordinary hearer, or reader, will understand. Gibbon is almost always allusive. Addison is not, and may be thoroughly "understanded of the people." The great Greek writers wrote for the whole of their nation, and were, I believe, thoroughly

understanded of their people. I always very much admired that treatise written by the present Astronomer Royal, wherein he aimed to make the most remarkable results of astronomical research intelligible to those persons who had not studied the higher branches of mathematics. The great lecturers of the present day, Tyndall and Huxley and others, seem to me to have a similar high purpose; and I look upon it as their greatest reward when they can make unscientific people understand the results, at least, of scientific research.

As for poets, I think it monstrous on their part if they cannot make their noblest ideas, which must be drawn from the commonest relations of life, intelligible to the meanest capacity. Do you suppose that Whately's sermons, which this common soldier approved of so highly, were not deep? If you do, you are very much mistaken.

SIR ARTHUR. Surely, Milverton, there are many things which can only be addressed to men of the highest culture?

MILVERTON. I deny it.

ELLESMERE. I think Milverton is right. I have always, in my humble way, pursued the same plan, and have addressed common jurymen much as I address the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council —of course with more explanation. But I agree

with Milverton, substantially, that if you have a great argument to lay before people, you can lay it fully before men of unpractised intelligence as well as before men of practised intelligence, if you will only take the pains to do so.

MAULEVERER. Your anecdotes, Milverton, are very valuable, especially the latter one. It shows, as I have always thought, that there is but small difference in the intelligence of men, and that they are all equally contemptible.

MILVERTON. On the contrary: equally great, equally perceptive, and equally emanations from the Deity.

CRANMER. It falls to me—poor, humble, official me, to bring you high-flying personages back to the point at issue. I am often inclined, only you would think it rude, to say to you, "Question, question," as we do in the House of Commons. Milverton was informing us how little he cared for future fame, and I was agreeing with him that work for the present generation was the thing to be done. How many, or rather how few, of you authors and statesmen will have any niche in the Temple of Fame when you have been dead and buried thirty years?

ELLESMERE. I have always thought how different are the fortunes of different men, and of other animals too—of dogs, birds, and insects. There is the

butterfly which goes sauntering (can you say "saunter" when a creature flies?) from one blossom to another, which lives out its pretty life, and dies its welcome death—dies, if you like,

"Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung."

And there is the butterfly (the butterfly of fame) which is the victim of some cruel vagabond of a collector, and is pinned down in his famous collection.

Sir Arthur wishes Milverton to be the pinned-down butterfly; but I doubt, with my friend Milverton, whether he would be any the happier for being a butterfly of that peculiar species called *Milvertoniana*, which would be exhibited in the British Museum collection of those interesting insects. I agree with him in one thing. I don't care a dump—that was his elegant expression—for future fame; and I must say I sympathise with Milverton and *antipathise*, if I may coin this word, with Lord Lytton and Sir Arthur, for I think it is of little use to write books for the future, as the future will take care of itself, and will be sure to have too many, rather than too few, authors of its own.

MAULÉVERER. I do not like this butterfly simile of Ellesmere's. It is too derogatory.

ELLESMERE. Upon my word, Mauleverer must be

very unwell to-day. He is so tender and so laudatory.

MAULEVERER. I would rather compare a great man to the sun. I suppose you must call a popular writer, such as Sir Arthur Godolphin, a great man, for he is super-eminent amidst rubbish. Well, there is the sun. It would not be too much to say, that when he sends out six hundred million rays, five hundred and ninety-nine million of them are what we call wasted, going into uninhabited space. A few of his rays strike the little bodies that are servilely moving round him; but the greater part of his fiery work is, according to our poor comprehensions, utterly lost. So, with the great man: his effluence, whatever it may be worth, can only influence a most minute portion of the human race.

ELLESMERE. No: Mauleverer is quite well, I see, to-day; for, though pretending to compliment great men, he contrives to throw a depressing "effluence," to use his own fine word, over the whole of mankind; and, besides, he has an opportunity of displaying that knowledge of astronomy with which he is not unwilling to daunt and dazzle us. I believe he likes astronomy so much, because it affords, according to his reading of it, an opportunity of subduing us to his own low level of hopes and aspirations.

Mauleverer always puts me in mind of a character in one of Dickens's works—in his earliest work, the one before Pickwick. The good man, I forget his name, is asked to be a godfather; and he makes, at the Christening dinner, a speech, contemplating the future miseries of the infant and of his parents in regard to him, which oration melts all the company into tears, and is very much admired because it makes every body very miserable. Dumps is his name: I recollect it now. Dumps is always a power in this world.

Mr. Mauleverer did not make any reply; but rubbed his hands, in the soft, slow, and yet emphatic way, which he is wont to indulge in, when he thinks he has been particularly successful in suppressing us.

Mr. Milverton resolved to close the conversation at this point, and said, "Now we will have the excursion that we promised ourselves for to-day, and we will go and watch the sea come gently in over the oyster-beds at Hayling. The silent, wise, fruitful oyster teaches us men many a most useful lesson."

The conversation was thus broken up, and several copies of the first revise of our tale "Casimir Maremma," were placed in the hands of our "Friends in Council."

CASIMIR MAREMMA.

Chapter I.

A MINISTERIAL RECEPTION.

"THE soul is said to be dual: why should not the life be dual too? And, certainly, mine is dual." Thus soliloquized a very young-looking man, who formed one of a crowd which thronged the rooms of the Prime Minister of England, at what is called "a ministerial reception."

A very young man, literally speaking, he was not. His was one of those fair complexions which make their happy owners appear to be younger than they are. His features were not remarkable either for beauty or for expression, with one striking exception. He had a habit of looking

fixedly at you in a way which bore no resemblance to a stare, but which seemed to say most distinctly, "I wish to know who you are, and what you can tell me?" Indeed, a consuming curiosity had, as it were, burnt itself in upon the countenance, and left little else to be discerned in it on a first acquaintance.

The young man did not speak to many people, and was not welcomed with any warmth by those he spoke to. He was, evidently, merely one of those persons who fill up rooms, and help to make what is humorously called Society.

One thing was notable in his demeanour—that he occasionally looked at his hands; and that once, having taken off one of his gloves, he showed the utmost hurry and confusion in putting it on again, and blushed as if he had been a young girl discovered in wearing something out of fashion, or committing some solecism in good manners.

The Prime Minister's party was at length, after the usual noisy and fussy dreariness of such entertainments, brought to its conclusion. Not

that it had lasted long; but then, as Canning well said, in reference to some sermon which he had been expected to praise because it was short—a thing may be short and tedious too. However, the party had come to an end; and then, and not till then—for it would seem as if the young man, up to the last moment of the party, had hoped to see something, or hear something, or be instructed in something—he went moodily away.

The cabman hesitated a moment, after receiving the direction given him by the young man, and asked a second time for this direction to be repeated. Then, nodding his head once or twice, and talking to himself, the driver obeyed the order he had received, and drove rapidly in the direction which had been indicated to him by his fare.

Chapter II.

MAGGIE'S HOME.

THERE must be some good reason for poverty being the rule instead of the exception, in human life.

One advantage which, at any rate, the poor have, is, that they hear the worst that can be said of them in the plainest manner; whereas some of the upper classes, if they are not in Parliament, may go through life without having once ascertained thoroughly what is thought of them by their friends and neighbours.

The current of our story takes us at once from a place where only polite dislike is politely expressed, and where nothing worse is said of a man than that he is a bore, or of a woman, that

she is ill-dressed and tiresome, to a place where every thought is expressed in the plainest and the coarsest terms — from a prime minister's drawing-room to a house in one of the meanest suburbs of this great metropolis.

The house in question, though now disfigured and almost disguised by the squalor which surrounds it, had once been a house of some pretension. Indeed it had been a manor-house, and but little imagination was required to picture it in the midst of green fields and rivulets, the quiet abode of some rich citizen. An architect would notice the care that had been taken in building it, and the lavishness of expense that had originally been bestowed upon it. There were arches over the windows; and, though blackened by the accumulated smoke and filth of a century and a half, there were the remains of a portico which had once been a labour of art. The house, even now, needed no substantial repair. The staircases alone, trodden by such a multitude of heavy feet, were in a ruinous condition. The front door was open, as it had been

in days long by-gone: now, from there being nothing to steal, as then from there being no robbers in the peaceful village which the house formerly commanded.

In an upper room of this house there was a young man at work with a turning lathe. He had just come back from his work at a great factory in the neighbourhood, and was engaged in making some experiments in machinery on his own account. He might have been twin brother to the young man whom we have seen at the Prime Minister's party: the only difference was that this twin brother, if brother he were, was begrimed with the griminess of factory labour, and was dressed in the coarsest clothes.

Suddenly there was a noise throughout the house of many voices in fierce altercation, amidst which there rose occasionally the plaintive screams of a young girl who was evidently undergoing some personal chastisement.

The young man left his work, opened the door of the room, and listened attentively.

"Poor Maggie again," he said, "what can I

do to save her? If I go down and interfere, there will only be more punishment for her when I am not here to take her part—just as there was the other day for that poor cab-horse in whose behalf I interfered. I think I will go, though; it is worse than usual. Amongst them they will kill that poor child some day."

He had not time, however, for much reflection. A noise, as of many people coming up the stairs, was heard; and he closed the door. In a moment more it was burst open, and in rushed a young girl of about seventeen years of age. She did not, however, fulfil one's idea of a girl of that age, for stinted fare and hard usage had made her look both younger and older. Her unkempt hair floated behind her. The upper part of her dress was torn off; and, on her white shoulders, there were the angry marks of recent punishment. Close behind her came a fierce, coarse woman, two repulsive-looking men, and a tribe of young children. It was, indeed, "poor Maggie." Not, however, called "poor Maggie" in that melancholy house; but "silly Maggie,"

"mad Maggie," with other epithets too coarse to mention.

The girl fled to the young man, laid hold of him, and exclaimed, "Oh! George, good George, do save me from them!"

"Let him, if he dares," said one of the men: "we should like to see him at it. She is our sister, eats our bread, and does little or nothing to get her bread for herself."

They then poured forth the coarsest abuse both of him and of her.

"See," said one, "what gentleman George is about. This is the way the beggar is going to bring down our wages."

For a moment their fury was directed from the girl to the turning lathe. Gentleman George gently removed the girl's arms from him, put her in the corner behind him, and began to fight in the cause of silly Maggie and the turning lathe.

It was well that gentleman George had studied the noble art of self-defence at the hands of an eminent professor of that useful as well as noble

art, for he had now enough to do to protect himself as well as Maggie and the turning lathe. He had not only to hold his ground against Maggie's two brothers, who were men quite as powerful as himself, though not as skilful, but also to protect Maggie, who could do little for herself, from incursions which were made upon her in the corner by the fierce virago, her sister-in-law, and by the junior members of her amiable family. Moreover, there was a crowd collected at the door, and there was but little doubt which side they would ultimately take, if gentleman George were to get the better of his assailants.

This nick-name, "Gentleman George," had, perhaps, been given him from an old song which was current many years ago; or, perhaps, it was an original nick-name given him because he had been unable to conceal that his birth and breeding were superior to those of his fellow-workmen.

The noise of the conflict had been like that of an Homeric battle, and had, for some time,

been audible in the street, where, at every house, rough and squalid-looking beings might have been seen looking from the open windows; all of them feeling that it was a great shame that the row should not be transacted in the street where every body could see it. For these rows were the plays, operas, concerts, and oratorios which the inhabitants of that quarter most delighted in witnessing, and, indeed, were the only festivals at which they had a chance of assisting. Human nature likes to see a good earnest downright quarrel, whether in parliament or in the back slums. And it must be confessed that a good quarrel brings out all the dramatic elements of character innate in every man and woman, and furnishes the grandest of plays.

Some stern critics of this kind of entertainment were, however, not far distant. There was a cry raised of "the police," two or three of whom made their way into the house. Intelligence of this was as quickly communicated throughout the building as the entrance would be of ferrets into a rabbit-warren. The fight in gentle-

man George's room, which was at a most critical point for gentleman George's safety, and for that of poor Maggie and the turning lathe, was abruptly broken off; and his assailants, men, women, and children, made their way down the stairs more quickly even than they had come up, in order to repel or deceive the new enemies who had arrived, so inopportunely for them, upon the scene.

For some time there was the confused noise of many voices and of much objurgation: then all was silent. There were no longer any heads out of any windows in the squalid street. The play was over, and its merits were to be discussed at many tea-tables at which shrimps and watercresses were the most tempting viands, and where the names of silly Maggie and gentleman George were much brought in question. The men for the most part maintained, with many oaths and adjurations, that "silly Maggie" was, after all, not half a bad girl, and that her brothers were great brutes; while the women declared that poor Maggie was an idle, good-for-nothing slut.

Meanwhile, what was going on in gentleman George's room? Have you ever, reader, owned a dog which, before it came into your possession, had lived with cruel people, and which bore many marks of their ill-usage—a point of resemblance which was not absent in the present case; and have you noticed that, though it trusts and believes in you, it has, from previous habitude, retained the fawning, anxious, frightened gestures that belonged to its former state of existence? If so, you can more aptly picture to yourself what happened in that dreary room on that memorable evening, for memorable it was to be to both of its occupants.

Poor Maggie gathered herself up from her corner; smoothed, as best she could, her tangled hair; did what dressing she thought needful—chiefly by shrugging her shoulders, and bringing up her clothes around her by that primitive method; and then, in a sidling, crouching manner, gradually approached her protector.

"Oh, Mr. George," she said, "I am so sorry; I would not have come if I could have helped it;

but they were so hard upon me, Jenny the worst of all."

Here she gave a look at her shoulders, upon which the red raised marks of a leathern strap, kept on purpose for her punishment, were visible. His eye followed hers, and he exclaimed, "My poor girl, what a sad fate is yours!"

She needed no further encouragement, but sprang towards him, and, with her face upon his breast, while he smoothed her hair, sobbed out her sorrows to him.

Maggie, though haggard-looking, was a very lovely girl, and her misery could not conceal her loveliness. Her ancestors, or ancestresses, must have been Irish. She had that beautiful blue eye which is so often to be met with in the Limerick lasses, and to which such a depth of tenderness is given by the dark, solemn eyelashes, and the beautiful dark hair.

Now gentleman George, though a very good young man, against whom the female inhabitants of that quarter had nothing to say but that he was a little too good, and whose whole

soul, as far as that soul could be interpreted by the people by whom he was surrounded, seemed to be given to his work at the factory, was yet a young man, and was not utterly insensible to poor Maggie's charms. Indeed, if he had been the twin-brother whom we fancy we had seen at the Prime Minister's party, he might have said to himself that, unless it were a certain Lady Alice, there was not one in that gay throng who could be compared with Maggie for beauty, if she could be made happy and be well-dressed. Some such thought—a dream of his, perhaps, of what might be seen in the upper classes—did enter his mind.

"Maggie," he said, "dear Maggie, be a good girl; bear with it all, or with as much as you can bear, for my sake, to please me." And here, I am afraid, I must acknowledge that he kissed her, and pressed her to his breast.

The girl, with a delicacy that princesses might have envied, knowing, with the fine instinct of her sex, that it was pity, and not affection, which made gentleman George fondle her—she

thought, too, that she was far too abject a creature to be noticed by him, except for kindness' sake—disengaged herself from the young man's embrace, and went to the turning-lathe. The turning-lathe had suffered most in the contest, and Maggie was loud in her exclamations of the injury that had been done to it, and how gentleman George must grieve over it.

"I wish you would go away from here," she said, "and then I shall be no more trouble to you, or to anything you care about."

Then George said, "We must go down to them, Maggie, or they will come up to us. Don't be afraid; I will make it all right."

So saying, he took her by the hand, and they went down together into the living-room of her brothers.

These quarrels amongst the poor are wonderfully short-lived. Instead of being greeted with a new outburst of fury, the young couple were only greeted with an outburst of jeering of the coarsest kind.

Gentleman George, however, was afraid to

leave the girl in the hands of those who should have been her natural protectors. He joined, artfully enough, in the abuse of the police; boasted, with sundry oaths—a boast which was received with shouts of laughter—how he could have fought them all, and the police into the bargain; stood an unlimited quantity of gin; and the evening was closed in coarse revelry.

Gentleman George drank like the others, and did not refuse his full share; but, with a craft which seemed to be of a kind superior to his order, did not neglect to pay the greatest attention to the eldest brother's wife, the mother of the hopeful family. Between them it was agreed that, if Maggie was not punished for the next month, a certain bright blue and yellow shawl should be the reward of this lady's forbearance.

It was with a sad heart that gentleman George, at a late hour for that neighbourhood, betook himself to his room, and gazed on the ruins of his turning-lathe, thinking, however, much more, and much more sadly, of the many human ruins which surrounded him.

Chapter III.

CASIMIR'S CHARACTER.

IT need hardly be said that the two young men whom we have seen in such different circumstances in the course of the preceding chapters, were but different phases of one and the same person; and that person I shall proceed minutely to describe.

His name was Casimir Maremma. He was born in one of those provinces in the East which may be considered debatable land; and the government of which, and the national existence of which, are connected with what is called, in European cabinets, "The Eastern Question."

His father, Count Maremma, was a man of moderate fortune, who lived entirely on

his own estate. In early life the Count had travelled much, and had married an Englishwoman. He had then retired to his estate, which, after the death of his wife, he never left. Casimir's mother died when he was ten years old; and ever afterwards the Count abjured society and lived a lonely life with his son and his son's tutor.

The Count was a man of genius, or, at least, almost a man of genius. He was very studious, but the subjects of his studies were always eccentric. The only things that interested him were the most recondite antiquarian, physical, and metaphysical researches. He was very indolent, and his days passed away in that unaccountable fashion in which musing, indolent, thoughtful men get through time.

Remarkable men may differ in many respects in their youth; but there is one in which they mostly agree. It is in a love of solitude. They either find, or make, a solitude for themselves, which they people with their fancies.

Thus it was with Casimir Maremma. He had some interchange of thought with his father, which interchange of thought grew to be more frequent and more deep as he advanced from boyhood into manhood, but to no other human being did he tell his thoughts.

The bent of his strange character was early made manifest in his studies. Resembling his countrymen in their wondrous aptitude for acquiring languages, and having a learned German for his tutor, Casimir rapidly acquired a sufficient knowledge of the dead languages, and also of French, German, and English. This last language he spoke as a native; for, in his earliest years, he had been tended by an English nurse and an English mother. But, anticipating in his precocity the use of all languages, he merely cared for them as the means of getting at something which he wished to know. He had hardly begun to master a language before he began to insist upon its telling him something; and when he found it could not tell him what he wanted to know, he dropped it. The sweetness of Virgil,

the grace of Horace, the lusciousness of Catullus, were, to a certain extent, lost upon him. He said to himself that they did not tell him anything; and, as he had soon acquired the mastery over his tutor, he was, for the most part, able to direct his own course of study. Lucretius held him much longer than the rest of the Latin poets, and was, perhaps, the first work in the Latin language that had any interest for young Casimir.

In the natural sciences he took fiercely for a time to chemistry; but, at length, he again said to himself that it did not tell him anything about the real nature of things. There were, however, at the end of the last century, or at the beginning of this, certain works written which treated of the nature of atoms. His father's library, which was as strangely composed as his father's mind, contained these books; and the young Casimir had never wearied of studying them.

This young man was one of the most inquisitive of human beings. But his inquisitiveness was of the strangest nature. He mastered two

or three of the great metaphysical systems, receiving much aid from his German tutor in that work; and, when he had mastered them, he said to himself, with all the arrogance of youth, "There is nothing in them."

So far, as regards his studies. The time then came for him to travel. The parting of father and son was sorrowful; but still, not nearly so sorrowful as might have been expected, considering that each was to the other the only real friend and companion in the world. The son, however, was chiefly anxious to find out something by his converse with the world; and the father, to hear of that something. Indeed the father felt as if he were sending out into the world a part of himself, which would come back to himself rich in new thought and knowledge.

Count Casimir set out upon his travels. These travels he conducted in the same strange manner in which he had conducted his studies. He looked everywhere for types of being, and did not care to repeat the observation of similar things. Thus he travelled through a great part

of France, Germany, Italy, and America—the southern, as well as the northern part of America. His rate of travelling was very fitful. Sometimes he travelled with much rapidity over a great extent of ground. One commercial city was like another commercial city, and he did not care to master more than one; but in that one he, perhaps, stayed a long time. One mountain was like another, and the ordinary desire of ascending mountains was not his, for he knew that there was little hope of finding any one at the top of the mountain who would tell him any new thing. Indeed, to the aspects of nature, and to the beauties of art, he turned a somewhat indifferent mind. He might have said with the poet—

> "I see them all so excellently fair,
> I see, not feel, how beautiful they are.

Only with Count Casimir the word "care" might have been substituted instead of "feel."

And yet he wished, beyond all things, to gain knowledge through feeling. Hence, he resolved

to live the life of any class of people whom he wished to understand. Herein lay his great originality; and this accounts for his being found in the two very different positions which he has occupied in the two preceding chapters—one, as a guest at a prime minister's reception; and the other, as a poor artisan in the most squalid part of the suburbs of London.

Notwithstanding his strange mode of life, and his peculiar ambition—not to be somebody, but to understand something—he had a great deal of common sense, and was gifted with that tact which belongs to the Eastern races. One wild idea, however, occupied his mind. He had a hope of meeting with some exceptional being, who should possess, in some direction, powers greater than those allotted to the ordinary mass of mankind, who would lead him into some secret path of knowledge, enabling him better to understand this world of manifold confusion.

Some of the fables of the ancients had made a deep impression on him. He used, as a youth, to say to his father, "There has been a Hercules;

there has been a Lynx; there has been a Pygmalion, or a Prometheus: indeed, there have been men who knew something, or could do something more than we now know or can do. There has been somebody closer to Nature than we have ever been. Perhaps there is some one who, even now, unconsciously, possesses such powers."

Count Casimir had now been travelling for the greater part of seven years, having, however, returned home, and remained with his father, during one or two intervals of six months during that period.

In personal appearance he was not remarkable, except for the expression, before-mentioned, of his eyes, and the way he fixed them upon you. He did not stare at you; but he looked at you as if you were an inanimate thing which he was considering, and of which he wished to know the inmost, and the whole, nature.

He was not above the middle height, and, though of slight figure, was deep-chested, strong, and agile. He was a person who could dare and endure much.

Chapter IV.

A LETTER TO HIS FATHER.

IN order to make the reader thoroughly acquainted with Count Casimir, I cannot do better than give, from time to time, the letters which were addressed by him to his father. I subjoin one which was written at the time when our story commences. It is as follows:—

Sunday.

My dear Father,

I wrote immediately on my return from Alexandria, and did not fail to acknowledge the receipt of your most welcome letter, and of the bills it enclosed, which have been duly honoured.

How delighted the Herr Professor must have been at discovering an inscription so near to our home. You and he, my dear father, will forthwith com-

mence a new edition of *Gruter's Inscriptions*—a book which, I remember well, you both used to pore over, but which did not much delight poor ignorant me.

I can hardly give you an idea what a comfort it is to me when Sunday comes round again. I begin the week with a heavy heart, which feeling lasts till Wednesday has been passed, and then I begin to count the hours to Sunday. We (I mean our class) know little of the joys of this day of rest. As a working man, I now know something about them. This is the day, too, on which I take a solitary walk into the country; and the country about London is very beautiful when you get to it. The people are a good and religious people; but their religious exercises do not suit me much.

This is the day, too, on which I have time to write to my dear father. You may bethink you, father, that you have every day to write to your far-off son.

Shall I tell you a thought that came into my mind as I was walking to-day? It was, when I was on Richmond Hill—the Richmond Hill I have often heard you talk of, where you used to walk with my mother.

I took up a common pebble, and I said to myself, I should be contented if I only knew what that stone could tell me; if, springing into life, it could but narrate its whole history. I am a restless crea-

ture, as you often tell me—restless for knowledge; but it seems as if that pebble could tell me all that I care to know.

But I must not pursue this thought. You will hardly care to know what I have been thinking, so much as what I have been doing, and what I have been suffering.

First, I will tell you where I am. I am at this moment sitting in a little room, in a mean house, of which the different rooms are let out to many lodgers, which house is in one of the most squalid suburbs of London. The name of the suburb is ——. The street is very narrow, and from my window I look into a room on the opposite side where there are three rough-looking men and two coarse women drinking, and apparently, from their gestures, quarrelling.

I find my week-day work not very difficult, but requiring constant attention. I do not know what old nurse Bettina would say if she were to see my hands, which are in a pitiable plight, for I was at first very awkward at my work.

It seems to me that I have already gained a great deal of knowledge of the people; but I hardly know how to tell it to you. As they say at public dinners, and in works of fiction, I feel more than I can express. I think I know what a working-man here is

likely to say or do on any given occasion; but I cannot exactly describe his nature. In fact, my dear father, there is a great deal of originality amongst these people, and they differ one from another more than any other people I have ever lived amongst. Still, of course, there is a general resemblance pervading a class. The class amongst which I live are very good-natured, and are very little given to envy. A great deal might be made of them; there is good stuff, and they would follow leaders very faithfully. Their language is inexpressibly coarse, and they seem to have but two or three adjectives, which they apply indiscriminately to everything. For instance, I heard a man, whom just now I followed from the baker's, say, "That it was a bloody little pie that his missus had made, and there would be a sanguineous row amongst his sanguineous children when they came to see the sanguineous little pie." I need hardly say that I have Latinized the adjective in the latter parts of the sentence, for I have a sort of horror of this coarse word which is being always dinned into my ears. I am obliged sometimes to say it myself, else I should be found out.

I assure you, though I dwell upon these trifling details, I have not lost my time, and have made many notes of the views held by those amongst

whom I live, upon strikes and combinations of workmen. These things, however, are not for a letter, but we will discuss them when I have the happiness to see you again.

I delivered all your letters of introduction, which procured me a most kind reception, especially from the Earl. I cannot but fancy, my dear father, that you must have been rivals in love in former days, from the way in which he speaks of my dear mother. His second daughter, the Lady Alice, is very beautiful, and has a smile which sometimes reminds me of that in my dear mother's picture. The Earl and my mother were cousins, were they not?

They took me the other day to a great political party at the Prime Minister's. It was like all other parties, somewhat wearisome, but Lady Alice showed me who were the notable people, and I looked at them. There was one thing, however, which astonished me not a little. The Leader of the Opposition was at this party, and seemed quite at his ease. We could not do this at home, could we, my dear father? It is a great advance of civilisation. When I talked about it to the Earl, he told me that there was a club, at which the chief political men on both sides meet. They have a dinner once a week during the session. At this dinner politics are talked about most freely; but nothing dis-

courteous is allowed to be said, or ever has been said, even in times of the greatest political excitement. The English are certainly like no other people in the world. Now, in such an apparently trifling thing as the existence of this club, I see how the English revolutions have been conducted without bloodshed, and with that appreciation of the merits of compromise, which seems to be the peculiar property of the British mind. They never seem to push anything to its logical conclusion, and there are no executions after a victory. They are a wonderful people for knowing how to live together. It is an odd idea, you will say, my dear father, but in their most serious affairs they always seem to me a little like boys at play. They delight in fun and playfulness of every kind; and they love an adversary who gives them an opportunity for hard hitting.

You can hardly imagine how difficult it is for me to keep up the two characters which I am now obliged to maintain. The change of dress, and the occupation of two sets of apartments, are most difficult; but I have, as you know, had to manage such things before. The state of my hands cannot, of course, be concealed from the family; but they lay it all to the ship-work I did coming here, and to my work at machinery; and then they know that I had a turning-lathe at my other lodgings, where the Earl called

upon me the day after I left your letter, and fortunately found me at work with it. They think me an odd fellow; and oddity, as you must know, is not a recommendation in England, notwithstanding each of them is odd enough in his own way. But it is generally pretty well concealed by a good varnish of conformity. My repute for oddity serves me well. I am now going to call at Lochawe House, so no more, till next Sunday, from your very loving son,

CASIMIR MAREMMA.

P.S.—Please give my dutiful and affectionate remembrances to the Herr Professor, and my love to the dear old Bettina.

I could get you a wonderful bull-dog here. We delight in bull-dogs and pigeons in this district, and have some choice specimens of the former; but I must wait till I can bring one to you myself.

Chapter V.

THE HOUSE OF LOCHAWE.

THE Earl of Lochawe was the Earl alluded to in the young Count's last letter; and the scene of our story now changes to Lord Lochawe's house. This house gave indication of the taste, or rather, the want of taste, of this well-known statesman, for it was furnished with the utmost simplicity, and there was not anything that could be called a work of art to be found in it. There were a few portraits of distinguished statesmen in the Earl's study—of Canning, Peel, Huskinson, and Lord Palmerston; but, elsewhere, the walls were perfectly bare.

The one great pleasure of the Earl's life was business. The harder the business, the more

there was of it, the more intricate it was, and the more research it demanded, the more did it delight the mind, and the soul too, of Lord Lochawe. Under-secretaries of State, and private secretaries, who had served under him, and did not understand his nature, had sometimes, with well-intentioned kindness, but with unconscious unkindness, sought to save him labour; but they soon found out their mistake, and the witty Delmar, who was once his private secretary, was wont to say this of his master:—"After his Lordship has done all his own business; when there is no cabinet box, and no despatch, left unanswered; after he has done all my work for me; and after he has tied up all his papers with red tape, if one of the housemaids of the office wanted to go with her lover to the play in the evening (it would then be late), and were to ask his Lordship to dust out the office for her, such is his good-nature, and such his love of work, that I believe he would gladly do it."

This passion for work often indicates a heart not fully occupied; and so it was with Lord

Lochawe. The astute young Count had discerned the truth. Lord Lochawe had been passionately fond of the young Count's mother. This had been the only romance of his life. After it was over, and Count Maremma had carried off his bride, Lord Lochawe married very properly a woman of his own station, very fair, rather beautiful, somewhat cold, and very business-like. Their marriage had been blessed with two daughters and a son. The eldest daughter had married, and was the Duchess of Brecon. The second daughter, Lady Alice, was still unmarried, but had many suitors. The eldest son, Lord Glenant, was, as often happens, the exact opposite to his father—not entirely in nature, but in his pursuits; and he devoted to pleasure the Lochawe vigour which his father gave to business. The father and son were on excellent terms; and when Lord Glenant was living at home, they occasionally met in what are called the small hours of the night, the son coming home from a ball, and the father beginning to light his fire, and to set to work at the business of the day.

Lord Lochawe had been delighted to receive Count Casimir. The sight of the young man had brought back the sensation of youth to the Earl, and he felt for "the Sclavonian boy," as he called him, those peculiar feelings of tenderness, dashed, sometimes, with slight and transient feelings of dislike, that often render the after-tenderness more touching, which men feel for the children of women whom they have loved and lost.

There was one room in Lochawe house which, though not resplendent in works of art, was highly decorated, and most gracefully adorned. Its occupants at the present moment were two young girls. One was Lady Alice, and the other Miss Ruth Sumner. Each of these young ladies requires, and deserves, description.

Lady Alice was one of the most beautiful young women of the day; indeed her beauty was, of its kind, perfect. Often in these so-called perfect beauties there is some defect or deficiency which mars the beauty. Their ges-

tures are ungraceful, or their faces are inexpressive. But it was not so with Lady Alice. She moved as gracefully as one of Mozart's melodies, and every feature was informed by bright expressiveness. There was a touch of languor about her, and it will hereafter be seen whether she had much depth of character or not, but all that was visible about her was beautiful. She had exquisite tact, and always said the right thing to the right person—a quality which must have been derived from some remote ancestor, for it was not known either in Lord Lochawe or in his deceased wife, both of whom, like many other respectable and good people, had given some pain in their lifetime by plain speaking, unleavened by anything like tact.

Ruth Sumner was a very different kind of being from Lady Alice. Her mother, an orphan, and a near relation of the Lochawes, had been brought up by Lord Lochawe's parents. This mother had married, to the intense disgust of her family, a dissenting minister, a man of much originality of mind, and of great

resoluteness of purpose. She had died in child-birth, and the present Lord Lochawe had taken charge of her child Ruth, and had brought her up with his children. What had become of the dissenting minister nobody knew, for the Lochawes never said anything about him. It was conjectured that he was dead, or had gone as a missionary to India. Ruth Sumner was not remarkable either for good looks or for bad looks. Inheriting some of the beauty of the Lochawes, the upper part of her face was almost beautiful; but the lower part was somewhat stern, and reminded the few persons who had known him of the dissenting minister. She was small in stature; but exquisitely formed.

The day was beautiful, and the sun streamed in through a window near which Lady Alice was sitting. The girls, both of whom were fond of art (though Ruth viewed this rather as a sin), had placed transparencies of coloured glass in two of the panes of the window, and at this moment a faint yellow light fell upon the features of Lady Alice.

Ruth rose from her seat, drew back the hair from Lady Alice's forehead, and said, "Now you would make a good picture of a saintly nun, with the yellow tint of fasting upon you, and even Lord Lochawe might endure the picture. There is a little weariness about it too, which would, perhaps, make it more nun-like; but you must not smile. Nuns do not smile, you know."

"My father is too weary of his pictures at Lochawe, even of that beautiful Correggio, to wish for any more. Besides I am not a great favourite. I am too perverse and silly, and get up late, and make a mock at business. But whatever our merits may be, we shall be cut out by this Count Casimir, even the serious Ruth, who can copy letters accurately, talk business, and who is as good as a private secretary."

"It's not right, dear Alice, to jest at your father."

"He does not like me the less for a little jesting; and if we were all as solemn as you, Ruth, it would be a dreary household. We do not see much of Glenant as it is; but then he would never

come near us. I can't imagine what papa sees in this Count Casimir, for he does not talk business: he only looks it at you."

"The Count is a very remarkable man, Alice."

"There, you talk like an American, 'One of the most remarkable men, sir, in our country!' I want to know what this remarkable man likes or cares for. The poets are invaluable to us young women and young men. I do not know how we should get on without them. They are as good as the opera, or the High Church, to talk about at balls and evening parties. I tried him upon Tennyson, and then upon Browning; and asked him to explain passages. He did explain them, but did not seem to care for them at all. And then, he sits here for hours—last Sunday, two mortal hours."

"But I think you rather pressed him to stay, did you not, Alice?"

"Perhaps I did. I feel as if he was a sort of poor relation come up from the country, though the Maremmas are not, I believe, particularly

poor. One feels one must be civil to him. And then, papa likes him so much, and always cross-questions me as to whether I pressed him sufficiently to stay. Do you observe how papa will look at him when he thinks he is unobserved. Even our grand Duchess of a sister has condescended to wonder, and duchesses seldom wonder, you know, Ruth, as vulgar people do, what papa can see in that young man. I wonder, for my part, what he does on week days. It is a noble occupation, turning a lathe, and highly intellectual."

Here the conversation between the two girls was interrupted by the entrance of some visitors.

Chapter VI.

CASIMIR'S ASPIRATIONS.

I NOW give two letters which I find were written by Count Casimir at this time. They chiefly serve to show the nature of his thoughts at this period, and do not carry on the story of his fortunes at all. They will, however, be interesting to those who may wish to study the character of a remarkable man; and to perceive the gradual change in his aspirations—from a desire to know, to a desire to do, something.

Sunday.

My dear Father,—

I have again to thank you for a most kind letter. I am very glad to find that you approve of what I have been doing. I do believe, as you said, that

England is the country best worth studying in the world, and that it is a country that will still have immense influence upon the world's destinies.

I am not writing to you in my old lodgings in the east end of the town, and I have also given up my work as an artisan there. I think I have seen enough of it, and have learnt enough about the views and feelings of the poorer classes in that part of the town.

One thing remains impressed upon my mind: I do not see how our views and hopes of civilisation can be promoted while there remain these immense masses of squalidity attached to most of the great towns in Europe; and, indeed, to some of those in the New World too. I should like, if I were a despot, to raze to the ground all the quarter of London in which I have lately been living; but what is to become of the inhabitants?

Do you know, my dear father, that I am beginning to think that emigration is the only remedy left us for these great evils. It is only recently that this idea has dawned upon me. I used to scorn it formerly. I used to say we ought to be able to make people thrive in their own country. No country is highly cultivated enough; and there are wastes everywhere as in our own dear country.

But now I see this: I see that so much has been

done in the old countries that requires to be undone. I talked with the Queen's physician the other day. Through the Earl I have become acquainted with many of the scientific people. Finding that I was interested in sanitary affairs, and in the poor; and, also, that I had peculiar knowledge of the district in which, unknown to him, I had lived, he said, "From the peculiar formation of that soil, and its relative position, not a single house ought ever to have been built there. It is almost undrainable."

Now what does all this lead to? It leads to emigration. I think I told you, in some previous letter, that the lower classes here are really a very docile, kind-hearted race, very free from envy. A man might lead a great swarm of them to happier climes. Think over this, my dear father, and do you and the good Herr Professor tell me all that your lore can tell about ancient emigration.

Now, to more personal matters. I see a great deal of the Earl's family, our cousins. The Duchess is a mere woman of the world. I wish I could give you an idea how beautiful Lady Alice is, and how winning. She is considered to be the greatest beauty in London society, and at balls and evening parties all the young men are asking me for introductions. There is another cousin of ours, a certain Miss Ruth Sumner: probably you have never heard, or have forgotten,

all about her. Lord Lochawe's cousin, an orphan who was brought up with him, married a dissenting minister; and this Ruth Sumner is his daughter. The mother is dead, and no one knows where the minister is. This Ruth Sumner is a girl worth studying—full of purpose. I think you would like her. She is not beautiful.

Tell the good Bettina not to fret about my hands. They are becoming proper and gentlemanlike since I have left off work.

You think I laugh at you and the Herr Professor about Gruter's Inscriptions; but I value all knowledge, and should never venture to laugh at any knowledge that is dear to my dear father.

I am, as ever, your loving son,

CASIMIR MAREMMA.

P.S.—The Earl is such a different man from you that I cannot, sometimes, help being amused at the idea of his having been the rival of my governor for my mother's hand. This word "governor" will rather astonish you. It is the favourite word in England for a father. It looks as if it were very dignified and respectful, and equal to "honoured sir;" but it is used most familiarly, and is almost what they call a slang word.

P.S. No. 2.—There are no such things as hawks

to be had in England now. Hawking is quite given up, so we cannot execute Count Kresinski's commission; but I have brought away from my old quarters a bulldog for you—such a bulldog. She—for it is a she—has about her the scars of many battles, and is unapproachable almost, except by her master. Oddly enough, however, she takes to Lady Alice, who makes much of her. Certainly there is something very potent in relationship. Venus—that is the name of the creature—evidently knows that Lady Alice is a second cousin of mine, and behaves accordingly. She—Venus—has a great dislike though, to the Earl, and we are obliged to keep her away from him.

My dear Father,—

I have many things to tell you, and to talk to you about.

In the first place, let me entreat you to discourage our good Professor from writing upon any subject connected with politics, especially upon the subject you mention. I always feel that it is somewhat of an impertinence in me to venture to give you advice; but, my dear father, consider by whom you are surrounded. There are spies everywhere about you.

You have read much of English literature; you must have read "Tristram Shandy." Did you not feel that you were something like "my father" in

that remarkable book—ready to discuss every earthly or heavenly subject? Now it is only in England that such a book could have been produced, for it is only in England that a Mr. Shandy would have been perfectly safe, especially if he had been Count Shandy, and a magnate in his own country.

I send this letter to you by a very safe hand, whom I have sent on purpose, in order that he may communicate to you intelligence that I had better not put upon paper. Lord Lochawe thinks as I do upon this matter.

Though I have ceased to belong for the moment to the poorer classes, I have not ceased to go on with my work; but the work has been rather that of thought than of action. I must tell you, my dear father, a thought that has much pressed upon my mind of late. There are many worlds in the universe. I cannot help thinking with Fontenelle that they are inhabited. Now it is not probable, is it, that the development of these worlds should at all times be simultaneous, nor that they should partake the same rate of development? I imagine all of them to be left to the operation of free-will in their inhabitants, also to the operation of certain general, physical, and metaphysical laws.

Now, to take our own earth. Does it not seem as if, contemplating this generation, we are, at the same

time, too much and too little developed? This is a most uncomfortable state—a state of transition. How intelligent we are! How much some of us perceive that could be amended. How forward we are; at the same time, how backward. With what fearful inequality is education distributed amongst us! Then, again, there are such dreadful physical inequalities. Look at the houses of the rich and the houses of the poor. These hardly seem to belong to the same class of beings. In any great improvement for mankind which we may contemplate, whole masses of towns must be destroyed. With the present dwelling-places of the poor, it is impossible to have high civilization for the general body of mankind—that is, in the older countries. You, doubtless, see the drift of my remarks—namely, the foundation of new states; the organizing of emigration in a way that it has not been organized for more than two thousand years.

Looking back at what I wrote to you during my travels in North and South America, I feel now that I did not sufficiently dwell upon the wonderful advantages to be found in those countries for the formation of new states. I wish I could convey to you all that I felt when contemplating the vast plains of Paraguay. That country impressed me with the idea of a terrestrial Paradise. I assure you I do not

exaggerate. All the most valuable products of the earth are there. The climate is delicious. The rivers are magnificent; and, my dear father, even we may live to see the time when river-power will be made far more subservient than it is to the wants of mankind. You used to talk to me of English parks. I declare to you they are nothing when compared with the boundless parks of Paraguay. The whole country is practically uninhabited. Here we are oppressed with the perpetual sight of bricks and mortar, and with the not always welcome sight of crowds of human beings. There the sight of a human habitation or a man was most welcome, from its rarity. Again, it is not even as if these regions were the remotest parts of the earth—far distant from what we fondly call the centres of civilization, instead of being within easy reach by a transit occupying only a few weeks.

Enough of this. You must see to what end my thoughts are tending more and more. I want to begin habitation on some new ground, to which new inhabitants shall bring the large experience of past errors.

The other day I could not help telling them at Lochawe House what I was thinking upon this great subject. The Earl (he is never hard upon my fancies) admitted that there was a great deal in what

I said, but that all emigration was counteracted by the growth of a certain provincial smallness which infested all rising communities in foreign lands. "You cannot emigrate away from man, my dear boy"—he always calls me his "dear boy"—and thus saying, he left the room.

Lord Glenant said that the leaders of emigration generally had a miserable time of it, as, indeed, had all those who tried to do anything good in the world. "When I go with my father to the parish church," he added, "and pray for the 'noble army of martyrs,' I always include discoverers and inventors, and statesmen and poets, and what my friend, Napoleon the First—a fussy but a discerning man—called ideologists, such persons as my good cousin Casimir."

Lady Alice was very witty, and contemplated the misery of life in a country where there was only a barbaric and provincial opera.

Ruth Sumner (there is a great deal in that girl, my dear father) was the only one who sympathized with me; and in her earnest, modest way, maintained with me that the chief thing left for some great man in this day to do, was to organize emigration, and to found a state, which would profit by the want of organization that prevails even in the greatest civilized states, and which should at least avoid some of their most patent errors.

The difficulty — the, perhaps, fatal difficulty — would be to provide a race of governing men. Colonists are mostly poor, very poor. To provide the means of life is their first object. But, if one could only bring out from the close parent hive a perfect swarm having its nascent rulers in it — surely it is not a mere dream of enthusiasm that a state might be educed, in these lovely fertile regions I have spoken of, which should be both an aid and an example to all the other states of the world.

Forgive me, my dear father, if I have inflicted upon you too long a letter; but you know that, at any rate, I do tell you all that presses most earnestly on my mind.

I have sent off all the books you wish to have, and have added some others which you did not mention. Amongst these are works by Mr. Buckle and Mr. Lecky. I think they will greatly interest you.

I am, as ever,

Your very dutiful and loving son,

CASIMIR MAREMMA.

Chapter VII.

DOMESTIC RELATIONSHIP.

THERE is a very disagreeable kind of young English gentleman to be found occasionally in certain classes of the present day. Disrespectful to his superiors, supercilious to his equals, and insolently indifferent to the feelings of his inferiors, he endeavours to compensate for his want of knowledge and experience by an outward bearing, which seems to claim superiority without having anything to back it.

To a superficial observer, Lord Glenant might have seemed to be one of this class of young Englishmen, but in reality his character was quite apart from theirs. He was extremely good-natured. His indifference to effort of every kind

did not proceed from a contempt of other men, but from a conviction that the objects they aimed at were very little worth obtaining. He was totally without ambition of any kind. Had he been in a lower sphere of life, and obliged to earn his bread, he would have earned it, but at the same time he would have been indifferent to the prizes to be obtained in any walk of life which he should have chosen. He respected other people, admired their industry, admired their perseverance, but did not share their hopes or their aspirations. He admired his father, but thought that the laborious old earl wasted his time and his life in efforts that would lead to nothing, and in work which other people might do quite as well. Lord Glenant had travelled largely, and had mingled in the society of many capitals. A greater contrast could not well be found than that which existed between him and his foreign cousin, Count Casimir; but the Viscount appreciated the Count, and did not view with any jealousy the manifest interest which the Earl took in Casimir. Lord Glanant thought that when the young

Count should be older, he would be wiser (by the way, Lord Glenant was the younger of the two), and would discover that there was not much to be found out, or much to be done, that was new upon this earth.

It need hardly be told that Lord Glenant had many times been, what he would call, in love, and had, as he supposed, been loved, the real truth being that he had never hitherto had the slightest conception of what being in love is like.

He was now, however, fated to experience the passion of love in what he imagined to be its utmost force and urgency. The object of his love was his cousin, Ruth Sumner. After the days of childhood, which they had passed together, he had first begun to take an interest in her by the pleasure he had found in teasing her for her business-like habits, and in shocking her somewhat formal notions of propriety. She regarded him with some of the affection of an elder sister for a brother. She fought his battles with the Earl; concealed, or managed to provide for, his pecuniary scrapes; and regarded herself only as a useful confidante

to him. Day by day, however, he began to rely upon her more, and to admire her more; and, what is of more attraction than perhaps anything else in the relation of woman to man, he began to find in her conversation a charm which he did not find in that of any other person. If he had an hour to spare, and dissipated men are often very busy men, and have but few hours to spare, he used to come to Lochawe House to listen to what his demure cousin Ruth would have to say about the follies of mankind, and his own follies in particular.

He often brought with him a favourite companion of his, Charles Ashurst, who was only too glad to come with him, as he was one of the numerous suitors of the Lady Alice. This Charles Ashurst, a young man, was the presumptive heir to an Irish barony. He was a pleasant, good-natured fellow, not very brilliant, but not deficient in ability.

The five young people who figure in this tale had all met together in the boudoir of Lady Alice, and their several characters cannot be better

shown than in the conversation which there and then took place.

"Well, Casimir," said Lord Glenant, "you have now seen some of our principal literary, political, and scientific personages. Are we 'outside, savage barbarians,' as the Chinese call us, or are we, as my father tells me when he condescends to talk to so frivolous a person, leaders in the great 'battle of the world?' Ashurst, too, thinks that there is nothing like an Englishman, especially if he can hit a leathern ball with a bit of wood very hard, and if he can move a longer bit of wood in water, so as to propel a canoe very fast. It is no good telling this Sclavonian philosopher about cricketing or boating. He would not understand the words."

"If I were you, Casimir," said Lady Alice, "I would decline to answer Glenant. If you reply to him in his own vein with a jest, you lower yourself to his level, and if you answer him seriously, he will only find something to mock at."

"Commend me to a sister for always taking

the shine out of her brother when he is most disposed to shine. You see what comes from the dreadful familiarity of brothers and sisters. I suppose it is the same with wives after they have been married a year or two, and have found out all the weak points in their husband's characters."

"Ah, Glenant," exclaimed Charles Ashurst, with a sigh, "if you had ever been in love, you would not talk as you do."

"In love! I don't believe there is anybody in London so much in love as I am at this present moment."

"I should like, my dear Ronald," said Lady Alice, "to hear a description of the young lady. Is she a friend of mine?"

"I doubt the existence of friendship, Alice, amongst you women. I can only tell you that she has every vice of which I am innocent."

"Then, Ronald, she must have very few vices, because, as your enemies would say, it must be a small catalogue indeed which does not include some of yours."

"I tell you, Alice, that her vices are nume-

rous; but happily they are not mine. She is active, energetic, punctual, gets up early, writes a good hand, is fearfully ambitious, and holds that nobody will be saved who does not believe in her nice little, well-regulated, well-defined creed. But, notwithstanding all this, I love her to distraction. Could I but persuade her to look upon me without disfavour, we might be a pair that would combine between us all the vices of the civilized world."

"It seems to me, Lord Glenant," said Ruth, "that the lady of your love would not be much flattered by your description of her. She is narrow-minded; she has a poor creed; she has what you call 'vices.' I suppose she is a beautiful fool?"

"No; she is neither beautiful, nor is she a fool, Miss Ruth. That is, she is not beautiful in the eyes of the world in general; but she is beautiful in my eyes, more beautiful than any other woman. And her only fault is, that she thinks too highly of the world and hopes too much from it."

"I suppose," said Lady Alice, "we must not ask of what nation she is."

"Yes, you may," said Lord Glenant. "She is English, or rather she is Scotch; and I always maintain that an Englishman, or a Scotchman, or an Irishman, must be an uncommon fool if he does not find in these islands a woman who is suited to him, for the women of these countries are the women of the world."

"Lord Glenant, dear Alice, speaks with all the wisdom of experience, for it is evident that he has studied the women of all countries."

"I think you have all forgotten," said Count Casimir, "that Glenant addressed to me a question, asking whether I thought that the British were outside, savage barbarians. Well, of course, I do not think that you are outside, savage barbarians; but, if I must tell the truth ——"

"Oh, yes, tell the truth," said Lord Glenant, "one knows, when a fellow begins in this way, that he is going to say something very unpleasant."

"Well, then, if I must tell the truth," said Casimir, "you are a little harder than I expected you to be, and less pious."

"Piety," said Lord Glenant, "is not our forte. But what do you mean, Casimir?"

"Well," said Casimir, "when I was being taught English as a boy, my father used to give me bits to learn by heart from the great English writers in former days. A writer called George Herbert was one of his favourites; and I remember well a poem of George Herbert's which began thus:

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

"And then it ended, if I recollect rightly, in this way:

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

"Now I don't know that I find anything cor-

responding to this strain in you modern English. You have a great deal of the bulldog in you, but you have not so much of the——"

"Do not compare us to dogs, my dear Casimir," said Lord Glenant, "for of course we shall be found wanting if you do. One of the puzzles of my life has been why dogs live with us, and love us as they do. The great metaphysical puzzles do not disturb me much. I am content to leave 'subjective' and 'objective' alone. The doctrine of 'contradictory inconceivables' (you see I have read about these things) does not perplex my commonplace mind; but I cannot discover the answer to the problem why dogs love us, and follow us about as they do. Sometimes I think it is because they are so very dull of comprehension; sometimes I think it is because they are so very imaginative, and picture to themselves that we are saying such good and such clever things when we are laughing and talking in their presence. One thing I am certain of, and that is, that they would not worship us as they do, if they understood our language."

"Depend upon it, the great art of loving is not understanding; that is, perhaps, the reason why I love my charmer so much, as I am sure I do not understand her.—Good morning, my Lord" (here Lord Lochawe entered the room), "or rather, good afternoon. I hope your Lordship's speech last night convinced your brother Peers. I assure you I read it through, as a dutiful son should, in more than one paper, and it seems to me to be best reported in the 'Times.'"

Hereupon the conversation became political; and as soon after as they could, the young ladies and the young gentlemen took leave of Lord Lochawe, and went out to ride together, Lord Glenant keeping very close to his cousin Ruth, on the pretence, which was not far from the truth, that she was a timid rider, and required an attendant cavalier to be in close proximity to the bridle of her horse.

Chapter VIII.

SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

MANY, indeed most, of the letters which passed between Count Casimir and his father are lost. I have, however, succeeded in recovering three more of them, which must have been written at this early period of our story. In each of these letters it will be observed that a Mr. Thurston is spoken of, who evidently, from these letters, as well as from circumstances which will appear in certain parts of the narrative, exercised much influence over the young Count's course of thought and of action. By those readers who only care for the events in a story, and are not anxious to learn the causes which form the character and conduct of a hero or heroine, these letters may most

judiciously be skipped; but to others, who are desirous of ascertaining the real motives of the persons described in it, these letters will be very interesting.

There are persons—I am afraid I am one of them—who, when they hear a great composition of Beethoven, or of Bach, only delight in the little bits of melody which their, comparatively speaking, uneducated ears can feel and understand; and there are others to whose nicely tutored and exquisitely refined hearing every note tells something, and goes to make up the wondrous whole. And so, in a story, much that at first hearing appears irrelevant, contains the real essence of the story, and is the part to which the most thoughtful readers will assuredly return. The story that is only a story—which has nothing in it of history, or of philosophy, or of the deep delineation of character—is read eagerly, but is only read once. I do not say this to magnify my own powers of description, which are but small, but to account for my introducing these letters, which may otherwise be considered

an unreasonable interruption of the narrative, but which I hold to be essential, and which I would rather give in the young Count's own words than endeavour to supply, by a sort of *précis* of these letters.

MY DEAR FATHER,—

I am rather surprised, and somewhat disheartened, at not having received any letter from you for the last four weeks. The apprehension which I mentioned in a former letter may appear to you very timid; but when one is at a great distance from those whom one loves, one is a victim to timidity on their behalf.

I have made a new acquaintance: indeed I may almost say I have made a new friend. His name is Thurston. He is a middle-aged man; but, notwithstanding the difference of our ages, he seems to have taken a great fancy to me, and tells me everything in the most unreserved manner. You have probably never heard of him; but he is a most powerful person, and in his quiet way pulls many strings. I first met him at the Earl's table; and the Earl had previously told me to pay great attention to him, as he was a man somewhat of my own nature.

There is, though, this great difference between us: he cares to know everything that is going on at pre-

sent—I mean the secret history of it. He does not seem to care for knowing about the future, and directing it. You would be perfectly astonished at his knowledge of the most secret affairs both here and on the Continent. For instance, he knew all about you, and warned me to give you the hints which I ventured to give.

Mr. Thurston's views about the future, or rather about the immediate present, are most gloomy. He thinks that government in this country is becoming almost impossible. He says that all power is undermined. No, that is not exactly the word. He thinks that all power is fettered in such a way that if ever a time comes for prompt action by the government, there will be no promptness. Now, he says, this was all very well, and no great harm could come of it, when the scene of action was at a distant place, like the Crimea; but, if that scene should be nearer home, the want of promptitude and force will be fatal. He complains that the statesmen of the day deal with everything in a hand-to-mouth way, like the members of the Stock Exchange; and that there is next to no far-seeing statesmanship.

Do you see, my dear father, how these views, which may be somewhat exaggerated, fit in with mine? Every day I become more and more enamoured of my thought, that emigration is the main

thing left to us. I fell in the other day with an historian who has written much about Spanish emigration; and he described to me how the Spaniards carried out with them certain ideas which rendered colonization much more facile. I take it, this was from their partially Roman descent. For instance, they had the complete idea of a town in their minds. The centre of it was to be a great square. In that square were to be the cathedral, the governor's house, the public offices, and the market-place.

Now, you know, such an idea has never pervaded the Anglo-Saxon race. All with them seems to be done in a hap-hazard fashion, and each man does what is good in his own eyes. This makes colonization much more rapid, but much less secure, and much less grand. A swarm of young bees takes out with it the idea of a perfect hive, and executes that idea with the completeness of supreme instinct. There is no derogation from the original idea, but there is no improvement. My ideal is this, that emigration should be conducted by men whose minds are strongly set upon gaining for the colonies they establish all the benefits of our present civilization, together with some provision against its dangers. Say that this is Utopian, if you like; I put it only as an ideal. Now, in our great European cities what is the most striking defect? It is the want of open spaces. You will think me a sad Radical, my dear father; but I have

often thought that the chief use of kings has been to keep open spaces in great towns. It is the king's park, and the king's palace gardens, and the king's hunting grounds, that are now, to use a phrase very common here, the lungs of the Metropolis for the people. Now, to apply this maxim directly, if I were to lead a band of emigrants I would keep this Spanish idea of a great square in my mind; but I would also contrive to keep many open spaces, allotting them to the public buildings.

Then, you know, my dear father, that there are several great problems of government which are being gradually solved in the old communities, notably that of governmental interference. I have made up my mind (you will smile at the impudence of a young fellow like me presuming to make up his mind on such matters) that there are several things which must be subjected to continuous governmental interference. These things relate to education, medicine, and sanitary well-being.

Again, where we fail in emigration in modern times is, that our bees emigrate in twos or threes, or twenties or thirties together; and then there are only room and play for one kind of work, for that of the digger and delver and the artisan. Is it a dream, a foolish dream of your enthusiast of a son, that he could plan an emigration which would afford room and scope enough for men of education and of station?

I have attained an odd kind of influence over Lord Glenant. He half-likes, half-dislikes, me. He seems to care for nothing; but do you know I think this young man would make a remarkable emigrant? I must not weary you any more with these fancies of mine; but they are gradually usurping most of my thoughts, and I know that you always like to know what I am thinking about.

You jested in a former letter about the women of my colony, and wanted to know whether this Numa is to have an Egeria. By the way, if he is to be an Æneas, he intends to carry his dear Anchises with him. But to return to his Egeria, I suppose I am very cold, or perhaps I demand an inordinate quantity of sympathy, but I do not find many women that I could live with, my dear father. They are so limited. They think it very pretty that one should have what they call great ideas; but they look upon one merely as a curious specimen of humanity—as a lion, as they call it here. They would only play at greatness. My two cousins tolerate me wonderfully; and sometimes I think that Ruth sympathises with me. I have not yet met with any one who is equal to her.

With kindest regards to the Herr Professor and Bettina,

I am ever your loving and dutiful son,

CASIMIR MAREMMA.

MY DEAR FATHER,—

Your last letter comforts me a little, but not much. You say that our good Professor writes nothing that can be considered dangerous. Writing at all is dangerous in a country where all writers are "suspect." I think I see you smile, and hear you exclaim, "My boy with one of his aphorisms again." You remember you used to say that aphorisms were things written by the young for those who are younger than themselves; but indeed I am right, my dear father, in warning you, in every way that I can, of your danger.

This is not, however, what I sat down to write to you about. I have just had a long conversation with Mr. Thurston, and I cannot help imparting the substance of it to you at once, while it is fresh in my mind. He knows what are my present thoughts about emigration. After talking a little about them, he said suddenly, "Have you ever read any history?" I replied, "Only a little." He then said, "I have been thinking a great deal lately about the Pope of Rome and the Doge of Venice—I mean the Pope and the Doge of former days; and, somehow or other, it seems to me that the result of my thought has some little application to your subject.

"The Doge was mostly powerless, the Pope mostly powerful. Yet at first sight there is a great

resemblance in their offices. They were both elected for life: neither of them had any hereditary claim. If the Doge had his Seignory, the Pope had his Conclave of Cardinals. But the Pope was the Master of his Council: the Doge the slave of his. The Doge, as well as the Pope, often had nephews; yet how rarely we hear of the nephews of the Doge, while those of the Pope always play a great part in history.

"Now how do I account for this difference. I account for it in the mode of election. The election of a Pope was often the triumph of a faction, and the Pope remained the head of that faction, which did not afterwards seek to control him. The election of the Doge was guarded in the most curious and almost ridiculous manner, and absolutely prevented the triumph of any faction."

Mr. Thurston referred me to a passage which I quote: "At Venice, as many balls as there were members of the great council present were placed in an urn. Thirty of these were gilt. The holders of gilt balls were reduced by a second ballot to nine. The nine elected forty, whom lot reduced to twelve. The twelve chose twenty-five by separate nomination. The twenty-five were reduced by lot to nine; and each of the nine chose five. These forty-five were reduced to eleven, as before; the eleven elected

forty-one, who were the ultimate voters for a Doge, This intricacy appears useless, and consequently absurd; but the original principle of a Venetian election (for something of the same kind was applied to all their councils and magistrates) may not always be unworthy of imitation."[1]

"Now when you arrive with your little colony into your new country, Count Casimir, you will, of course, abide mainly by the laws and customs of the mother country. But if you ever have an opportunity of regulating election matters, be so good as to perpend the present state of things in Great Britain, and indeed in Europe and America, as regards these matters.

"All power in all countries is manifestly falling into the hands of a democracy. I am not saying whether this is good or bad; but I do say that it behoves us to look carefully into systems of election and representation if we do not mean to place all power ultimately in the hands of very inferior persons. Nothing will be more dangerous for liberty, I mean for the highest liberty of thought and the best kind of freedom for action, than for a state to be governed by *one* representative assembly chosen *directly* by the people at large.

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[1] Hallam's "Middle Ages," vol. i. p. 480.

Much more he said, my dear father, upon this subject, and he gave many forcible illustrations, but this is as much as I can remember accurately, and perhaps as much as you would care to hear. But I know that you do care to hear about these things, and therefore I have written this long letter to you. Besides, I have no one else to talk to about such matters. Lord Lochawe would say that these discussions are most unpractical; and the other members of the family, except Ruth, would take no interest in them.

Kindest regards to the Professor and to Bettina.

Always your affectionate son,

CASIMIR MAREMMA.

MY DEAR FATHER,—

Again my letter will be chiefly occupied by what I have to tell you of Mr. Thurston's sayings. I do not repeat his words to you because they are interesting in themselves, but because they bear upon the subject which is always in my mind.

We had a long conversation to-day, which he began by saying that one point of interest which my scheme of emigration had for him was, that it related to the formation of a small community.

"Now look at the planet Mars," he said. (He has the oddest way of bringing in things that seem to be very remote from his subject. I will give you the rest of his conversation as if it were a monologue, without "he said," and "I replied." You must conjecture what I did say from the current of his talk.)

"I think that planet must be inhabited by creatures not largely differing from man and the other animals that are upon our earth. Now, when we look at Mars, we perhaps do not think that the division of its surface into states is the first thing almost that we should wish to know about it—and *the* thing which would tell us most about its history. At any rate, this division into states has been the most difficult matter in our world, and has made the chief noise of all the noises that have been so continuous and so potent in it.

"Now, I may be very wrong, but I am a great advocate for small states. I am a great believer in small states. Look at Weimar. Look at the republics of Genoa, of Florence, of Greece, the Greece of ancient days. Upon my word it may almost be contended that the greatest men have been born, or at any rate fostered, in the smallest states, especially if we consider England as a small state; and small it

was when it produced some of its greatest men. The Duchy of Saxe Weimar rejoices in a population of about 270,000. Its Metropolis contains about 12,000, a very trifling number compared to the inhabitants of Clapham or Peckham, but what a large share in the empire of modern mind belongs to Weimar with its Goëthe, Schiller, Wieland, Herder, and others!

"You say that this is accidental. I do not agree with you. You want to know what are the advantages of a small state. I will tell you. Life is easier in it. Wealth is not so potent. Men of ability have more chance of being put in their proper places. When they are in their proper places, they are not worked to death by the routine work which has to be undergone by men who attain to power in large communities. Men live with greater freedom from care and trouble in these small states. Did you ever think how large a portion of our lives is consumed in mere locomotion in the great cities of great states? Again, fashion is not so powerful. Now, a gigantic wave of folly passes over some great nation, and, perhaps, infects a neighbouring nation, causing all the female denizens of these great states to encase themselves in hoops of iron, or to overbalance themselves with huge masses of false hair. If there were smaller communities, fashion in

dress would have less power, and would be stopped at the many barriers. Good sense would have more chance of being heard. Then, again, the press would not be so powerful, and its power is an immense danger at the present moment—likely, moreover, to increase and become a much greater power, tending to level down all individuality of character.

"Yes, I admit there are disadvantages. Small states do not form a good barrier against the ambition of some huge neighbouring state. They are always liable to be devoured. Then there is something provincial in their character. But there is less danger from this defect than there ever was, now that a man can so easily disperse his thoughts into many nations by means of the rapid intercommunication of thought which exists in these times.

"You speak of America. One hardly dares to say what one thinks upon this matter to the citizens of the United States; but, for them, for their culture, for their real greatness, as well as for the peace and happiness of the world, I, for one, think that it would be a great blessing for them to be divided into three or four states. I believe that thus there would be more great men, more individuality of character, developed; and that, in the end, civilization would find great gain in this division.

"Surely you will admit that cities may be too large—too large for comfort, for society, for moderation in the mode of living, and for the complete culture of science, art, and literature. In such a city as London, who but the favoured few can get away from noise? Who but the favoured few, who are blessed with ample means of locomotion, do not feel the difficulties and the annoyances which are imposed upon them by the distances they are obliged to traverse in this great city? People are frightened at the prospect of the supply of coal failing them at no very distant period. A much greater, and much more imminent cause for apprehension is to be found in the continuous and rapid increase of this great capital. How are the millions of its inhabitants to get that most needful supply of the most pressing necessity for life—fresh air? Skill in locomotion does not advance in equal rapidity with the progress of over-crowding.

"There is a writer of whom you, as a foreigner, have perhaps never heard. His name is Cobbett. He was a rough, hard, severe man, but a real lover of his country. He wrote our language with more force, terseness, and accuracy than almost any writer we have ever had. He looked things straight in the face; and, when he could divest himself of pre-

judice, saw things clearly—more clearly than almost any man of his time. He is not much read now, but his works are well worth reading, especially for you, who wish to understand the nature of the common people, and to be a leader of them to new lands. This man always called London 'the Wen.' I am much of the mind of Cobbett in this matter. A great part of the possible beauty of our lives is prevented and destroyed by this huge excrescence of disease.

"I tell you, my young friend, that one of the greatest problems of the present time is to guard against an irrational centralization in great cities. Centrifugal, and not centripetal, should be the effort of mankind for the future.

"You say it is mere chance that has produced, or brought together, such eminent persons as have appeared in the small towns of Athens, Weimar, Genoa, Geneva, Florence, Padua, Venice. I contend that it is in the nature of things that great men should be thus produced, or at least should thus have the greatest opportunities for culture and development. They become known in these small circles. They have far more chance of being justly estimated. Do not think it egotism, my young friend, but I myself feel that I should have

had a much better chance in a much smaller state. Now, if I were to seek the suffrage of my fellow-citizens, I should be overcome by 'shoddy.' What I mean is, some eminent contractor, or some other rich man, would be sure to get the better of me.

"I think that what I have said is at least sufficient to make us sorry when small states are swallowed up, and not to make us sorry when large states are disintegrated.

"Patriotism! Do you mean to say that patriotism belongs to large states only? To maintain that, you must really ignore all history."

I am tired, my dear father, as you may imagine, of writing this long letter. I have recounted but feebly all that he said; but you will supply all deficiencies from your knowledge of life and of history.

I have no more time to-day, and so must conclude, being, as ever,

Your very loving son,

CASIMIR MAREMMA.

P. S.—"Shoddy" means cloth not made of fresh wool, but of old material beaten together.

P. S. No. 2.—One of the greatest problems of the day, he said, is *distribution*. And this word must

not be limited, as the political economists would limit it, to the distribution, amongst the consumers, of the products of the producers, but must extend to the distribution by judicious centralization, and by still more judicious decentralization, of human beings, whether producers, distributors, or consumers.

Chapter IX.

A DECLARATION.

HOW strange many of our tales of fiction must appear to any person living in a country where polygamy is allowed! A good Turk, listening to one of these stories, would simply exclaim, "Why doesn't he marry them both, and have done with it." Probably the Turk himself would be a man quite contented with one wife; but, rather than be involved in such delicate embarrassments as the tale describes, he would avail himself of the privilege of being able to marry two or three wives.

These embarrassments mostly proceed from, or are allied to, a presumptuous thought which many people suppose has only been entertained by that King of Castile, who said that, if he had

been consulted in the making of the world, he could have made a much better thing of it.

Most people, unconscious how closely they are following in the steps of this King of Castile, are wont to think how much more complete the characters of mankind and of womankind would have been, if they, the critics, had been listened to when the world of character was formed. They would have combined the tact of this man with the enthusiastic energy of that man—the sweetness of this woman with the helpful energy of that woman; and out of the two combinations would have made two sets of perfect characters after their fashion. The world would have been rendered somewhat dull by this judicious combination and division; but then it would have been very near perfection.

Our hero, Casimir Maremma, at this point of his fortunes, was not unlike the presumptuous King of Castile. He sighed for the perfect woman who should have the beauty, the grace, and the sweet womanliness of his Cousin Alice; but who should combine with these merits the

receptivity, the enthusiasm, and the largeness of mind which belonged to his cousin Ruth Sumner. Then there was this in Ruth's favour, that she was the one who seemed to understand him, and believe in him. And all great thinkers and great workers sympathize with Mahomet, who loved Kadija because she was the first person who believed in him. As for our hero, we cannot say that he was in love either with Lady Alice or with Ruth; but he would, undoubtedly, have been in love with a woman who should have combined the qualities and the beauties of both of them.

Meanwhile, how did it fare with the other persons of this domestic drama?

Lady Alice was charmed, was indeed, to a certain extent, fascinated, by her cousin. She had never seen any person like Casimir. It may be questioned, however, whether her feelings were those of love; but, indeed, what young person knows, at first, whether he or she is in love? Love is like sleep. It comes imperceptibly upon you. No man has ever been conscious of the exact moment when sleep came upon him—so of love.

Ruth's feelings were not more decided than Alice's, or rather were not more known to herself; but there is no doubt that she admired this young man more than any other human being she had ever seen. She began to wish that in some way she could sacrifice herself for him, or at least to promote his grand designs. In Ruth's mind, love always took the form of self-sacrifice.

The Earl, as was hardly to be expected from him—but affection sharpens observation—saw that Casimir had some admiration for Alice, and that Alice listened to Casimir in a way that she had never before listened to anyone. The Earl could not help wishing this admiration might on both sides develope into love. It is a remark, which those only who have seen much of the world will fully appreciate, that some of the most unworldly men are those who are most devoted to business. Count Casimir was not, according to worldly views, a suitable match for Lady Alice, who had a large fortune derived from her mother, and who had already been sought in marriage by great personages. But the Earl pined to have Casimir

more nearly related to him. It seemed to the Earl that he would then have more right to indulge in his affection for his early love, Count Casimir's mother. Then, too, he thought that the young man would do great things; and that through his son-in-law, if not through his son, the Lochawes might maintain that hold upon government which, for generations, they had maintained.

Poor Charles Ashurst, of all the persons in this story, was the bluntest in perception. He did not perceive, at any rate in its full extent, the danger which threatened him from the presence of Count Casimir. Lord Glenant, on the contrary, had the keenest perception of the danger that threatened *him;* and he gave more thought than he had ever given in his life to any subject to see how he could avert this danger. After much rumination, aided by innumerable cigars, he came to the conclusion that his best plan would be to speak out at once to Ruth. If she gave him any favourable hearing, if she did not utterly and at once reject his suit, he thought

he might improve upon that favour, however small it might be, and he knew that she would be constant and abide by anything that she had once said. He resolved, in the words of the gallant and daring Montrose:

> To put it to the touch,
> And win or lose it all.

Fortune, often so cruel in her seeming kindness, apparently favoured his design. Shortly after he had made up his mind how to act, he happened to come into his sister's boudoir, when Ruth and Alice were together, and when Alice was singing, "*La donna è mobile, Qual piuma al vento.*"

"Now," he said to himself, "now is the time that I will make the trial. Why should one be afraid of any woman?" Notwithstanding this brave soliloquy he had that shivering feeling which comes upon all discreet and worldly persons (and Lord Glenant, notwithstanding his follies, was very discreet) when they venture upon ground which is utterly unknown to them, for they have none of the buoyancy of hopeful enthusiasm; and

knowing that failure is the rule rather than the exception, always calculate that the chances are rather against themselves.

He came and stood by his sister at the piano. It may be observed that people like Lord Glenant generally have great taste in, and some faculty for, music. He joined in the song with his sister, and contrived to introduce certain words which are not to be found in any authorised copy of that most graceful and telling song. The words were "Vanish, and keep the coast clear." Now Alice loved her brother, and loved Ruth, and had long ago made up her mind that it would be the salvation of her brother if he were fortunate enough to gain Ruth for his wife; and that Ruth, too, would be happy in having some such person as Glenant to manage, for Lady Alice believed that Ruth's happiness lay in having to manage people. Accordingly Lady Alice was glad to obey her brother's orders: she vanished discreetly, and took care to keep the coast clear.

Ruth was sitting on a sofa, which was an addi-

tional piece of good fortune for Lord Glenant. She was a much finer musician than Lady Alice, and had been instructing her how to throw into the song that wicked, triumphant feeling of which it is so capable.

Lord Glenant hastened to place himself on the sofa close to Ruth. Presuming on his cousinship, he took hold of one of her hands and said, "What a pretty hand it is, and forcible too as well as pretty. A learned German taught me, Ruth, how to estimate hands, and showed me how there might be both delicacy and force in the same hand: a love of art too, I see."

"To how many young women in France, Germany, Italy, and North and South America, have you made similar speeches, Lord Glenant?"

"Is that a public or a private question, as the witty Lord H— said, when, after much bepraising Spenser, he was asked if he had ever read any of the writings of that poet."

"A public question," Ruth replied; "for I should not presume to enter into your private affairs."

"Well, I may have said it to one or two young women; but to none with so much sincerity and meaning as to my dear cousin Ruth."

"Lord Glenant!"

"Now, why 'Lord Glenant?'"

It is very hard upon a fellow to be addressed in that cold way. He grows up from boyhood with a girl, and they are Ruth and Ronald, or Rue and Ronny; and then all of a sudden the Ronald and the Ronny are discarded, and he is held off at arm's length, being talked to as if he were a perfect stranger.

"Well, Ronald, then; but it is true what I have said about the numerous young ladies in all four quarters of the globe to whom——"

"Now Ruth, dear Ruth, you must listen to what I am going to say."

Poor Ruth felt her heart sink within her. She knew what was coming; most young women know full well when they are loved. Visions of the awful ingratitude she was about to commit to Lord Lochawe floated before her. Then, too, she had a most tender, affectionate, sisterly feeling for the young man himself. She knew the use

that she could be to him; her heart was torn by the conflict of contending thoughts; but she had seen Casimir Maremma, and she knew now what love might be.

Lord Glenant resumed. "I know that my dear Ruth does not expend much of her time upon novel-reading; but even she must have read several of those innocent productions, and doubtless she has read some one in which the hero, a sad scapegrace, has told the heroine—a heroine of whom the poor hero is generally most unworthy—that if she would but look kindly upon him, it might be the turning point of his life, and that henceforward he would be all that she could wish. He generally says something about her being his Egeria, his good angel, his guiding star. Consider it all said; for, dear Ruth, I am that scapegrace, and you are that heroine. To win your love I would do all, and be all, if I could, that you would wish. Ruth, you know that you might make of me anything that you pleased."

When he had finished this speech, he let go her hand; and, rather after the ancient than the

modern fashion of making love, he then knelt before her, clasping both her hands in his.

The girl felt very sorrowful, very sorrowful for him, very sorrowful for herself, in having to give so much pain to one she loved. She remained silent for a few moments; and, after the fashion of most women in such circumstances, tears came to her eyes.

"Dear Ronald," she said, "it cannot, cannot be. I should be false to you if I said it could be. I love you very much, more than you can believe; but not with that love, that love which you want from me;" and, so saying, she stooped down, kissed him, disengaged herself from him, and fled from the room.

Lord Glenant rose up, took two or three turns about the room; devoted Casimir Maremma to the gods, not those in heaven, but those beneath the earth; and left the room, as much dispirited and heart-sore as it is possible for that kind of man to be.

"It is too late," he said, "everything in life comes just too late. I have only myself to blame for this ruin to my hopes."

Chapter X.

PHILOSOPHICAL COMFORTS.

AFTER such a blow to his hopes and affections as that which Lord Glenant had just received, it is common for young men to vanish from the scene, betaking themselves to foreign travel, or new enterprise of some kind. But Lord Glenant had not much faith in change of scene; and it was he, or some young man like him, who said, "What a bore it is that we are always obliged to be somewhere"—a saying which would have delighted a good Buddhist, who, according to his desponding notions of religion and of life, objects to individual being.

Lord Glenant returned to his lodgings at the Albany, and sat down to meditate. It was in

vain that his valet brought him his favourite hookah, for he refused even the consolation of smoking—a circumstance so rare that the valet concluded that his master must be going to have a serious illness, and hovered about him, expecting that the doctor would be sent for. All his servants loved Lord Glenant.

Lord Glenant's meditations lasted long; and the result of them was one which showed the young lord's thorough kindheartedness, for he said to himself, "I will go and warn Charlie Ashurst. I must not let him be such a fool as I have been, and subject himself to a refusal while the girls are under the glamour of our Sclavonian cousin." Accordingly Lord Glenant called upon Charles Ashurst, and found him at home. When he had taken his seat, and accepted a cigar, he said abruptly, after a few minutes' silence, "Charlie, don't be a fool."

"That is comprehensive advice, Glenant, but not quite so clear as comprehensive."

"My dear Charlie, when a wise man tells another man not to be a fool, he always means

he is not to make a fool of himself about some woman."

Charles Ashurst blushed, and looked very much embarrassed. At length he said, "If you mean, Lord Glenant, as I suppose you do, that I am unworthy of your sister, and that both Lord Lochawe and you might most reasonably object to a man in my position aspiring to her hand—"

"Stop a minute, my dear fellow; neither my father nor I, you may be sure, think anything of the kind."

"What then, Glenant?"

"Listen to my philosophy. There are four kinds of fools in the world. First, there are the fools pure and simple, who are neither frivolous, nor serious, neither learned, nor wise, but who are essentially commonplace fools.

"Then there are the frivolous fools, amongst whom, I suppose, with all the candour and good-nature of friendship, you will be ready to place your friend Glenant. They do nothing, because they see, when they are wisely frivolous, that

there is nothing to be done, at least nothing much worth doing, in this muddled world.

"Thirdly, there are the frivolously-serious fools—the fools of business. I am too good and respectful a son to place my honoured and very dear father in this class. But if anyone else should so place him, I should not feel it my duty to call that person out.

"Fourthly, there are the romantic fools—the people who think they have a mission in life, who make Utopias, or live in them. In this class of fools our cousin Casimir holds a foremost place.

"As a compensation for the miseries which this last form of folly will entail upon its votaries, it is to be noted that they are all-powerful with, and all-attractive to, women, and that none of the fools in the other three divisions have a chance against them when they enter into the lists. The wisest policy is to retire for a time, and to leave the field to the Utopian. Mayhap he will ultimately be too Utopian to succeed with a creature so practical, and sensible, and really so little Utopian as a woman.

"Am I clear, or am I not? Is the advice I give, that of a Delphic oracle, or that of a man who lives in the Albany and has seen something of the world outside the Albany?"

"I think, Glenant, I understand it all; and I was not without a suspicion that the case was as you put it."

"You see, my dear Charlie, if you were an eminent member of my fourth class of fools, I would not counsel you to quit the field for the present; but the truth is that, to my thinking, you belong partly to class number two, of which I am a distinguished member, and partly to class number three, of which, as I before intimated, some people would say, my most respected and respectable parent, the Thane of Lochawe, is a most distinguished member. You would have a better chance if you belonged wholly to either of these classes.

"But, speaking most seriously, my dear fellow, do not tempt your fate at present, or come into competition with the heroic Casimir. I have tempted mine, and have just had the

felicity of being refused by the only woman whom I ever really admired—my cousin Ruth. She kissed me, Charlie; she absolutely kissed me, which was the most fatal thing of all—a most kind, affectionate (detestably affectionate), sororial kiss, the like of which I have had many before from her, when we were boy and girl together, and she had got me out of some scrape with my very loving, but somewhat rigid, father. There is no further hope for me, Charlie."

"My dear Glenant, I am so sorry. I do not say it to flatter you, but I should have thought that you would have prevailed with any woman."

"No, no, my dear fellow; even the seriously-frivolous individual has a better chance than I have — parson, doctor, merchant, politician — anybody who has before him a career which the woman fancies she will guide and further. I should have had fifty times more chance if I had been a poor Methodist parson.

"I tell you what I'll do, Charlie. I'll have a mission myself. I'll never be cut out again in this way by a Utopian. And you, too, you

must have a mission, if it is only a mission to teach the world how to play at cricket."

"But how do you know, Glenant, that it *is* this Casimir?"

"I do not *know* it, Charlie, but I feel it; and, in some matters, our feelings guide us more surely than even our knowledge.

"I would take up the serious line, I say; but there is a sad drawback upon me. I see through it all; and there is much more need for Enthusiasm, than for Justice, to be blind. I make a jest of things, but 'you'd little guess,' as our friend Hamlet says, 'how ill all's here about my heart.'

"Do not be disheartened, Glenant. What is a woman's first refusal?"

"Yes, but she kissed me, Charlie—she kissed me. I would rather that she had stormed at my presumption. I shall never meet the like of her, at least the like of her for me, so winning in her seriousness, so gentle in her condemnation. And then every word she utters, every gesture she makes, is as beautiful to me as the movement of

the trees or the clouds, obeying summer breezes. Forgive the poetry; I am not often poetical, Charlie. You know the musical notes she utters after any one of her sentences, when she is in earnest and much touched by the theme she is descanting upon. Well, I never heard the like of it in any other woman."

"It's an odd thing, is it not, that any one woman can have such a hold over us? No man can have assisted at my father's solemn official dinners, without picking up, however unwillingly, some knowledge of statistics. There are about 900 millions of men, women, and children in the world. Now let's do a sum, Charlie, though you and I are not great arithmeticians. Let us say there are 250 million men, 250 million women, and (five from nine there remain four) 400 million children. Of the women, let us say (I like odd numbers) there are at least 67 million marriageable. Of these 67 million there are 66 million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine who are as painted pictures for me, and there is only one Ruth.

"In a Christian country, and where the climate

is bad, there is nothing, Charlie, really so intolerable as poverty; but there is nothing which seems to the sufferer so intolerable as disappointed love." From the utterance of this aphorism it may almost be inferred that Lord Glenant was not so completely miserable as might have been expected. Those sorrows which can be philosophized about, or even talked about, are not the worst.

"Good-bye, I can't talk any more: I have said what I came to say. Be ruled by me, Charlie; and, as I say, do not tempt your fate until this dreadful Casimir is gone. He will go some day to introduce the steam engine amongst the Kamschatkans, or some other enterprize of that kind. Confound the fellow, I cannot help liking him though—he amuses me so much—and I have half a mind to go with him to the Kamschatkans, even though Ruth should go, too, as his wife. Ta, ta, old fellow; be wise."

So saying, Lord Glenant quitted the room, and left poor Charles Ashurst to his melancholy meditations.

Chapter XI.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

MEANWHILE the one who disturbed all these love arrangements which, but for his unwelcome presence, unwelcome, at least, to Lord Glenant and Charles Ashurst, might have proceeded so differently, was totally unconscious of the mischief and misery he had created. Men who are absorbed in great designs have never spare time or thought, to be conceited, or to think much about themselves.

Day by day Casimir was more and more attracted by Ruth. She it was whom he some times took apart from the others to tell her of something which he had discovered, or was looking into; and their intimacy had so far advanced

that he had begun to make her work for him. He did not know as yet that he could not have had the same heart and hope in his work but for her sympathy for it, and with him. Ruth accommodated herself so naturally to this partnership in thought and work, and made herself so completely, as she had been accustomed to make herself, a woman of management and business, that it appeared as if they were two youths at college together, intent upon the same course of study, but yet with no touch of rivalry. As for love having anything to do with it, each of them would have repudiated that notion as most unworthy of two persons engaged in a great cause. But the bystanders, proverbially clear in their apprehension of such matters, knew full well that these two were lovers, though they themselves did not know it.

Much, too, was to happen which would prevent their enlightenment upon this point; and Casimir Maremma had many things to undergo which would put all thoughts of love out of his mind.

He was sitting one day in his chambers studying a big book relating to the condition of the poor. It was the great work of Sir Frederic Morton Eden, a work probably read by no other young man of the day, except indeed a certain rising statesman who reads everything that has any substance in it. Occasionally he desisted from his study of the big book, and then thoughts of Lady Alice, Ruth, poor Margaret, Lord Lochawe, and Lord Glenant were mingled with thoughts about the poor, and about the topic which had now become the principal topic in Casimir's mind, namely emigration.

He had not long been engaged in this commingling of thought and reverie before there was a knock at the door, and Mr. Thurston entered. They were soon occupied in discussing the subject of emigration; and in fact this was what Mr. Thurston had come to talk to his young friend about.

Thurston was one of those men in whom all people are prone to confide—who go through life, listening to innumerable secrets—indeed for

whom there are no secrets. There are, in various degrees, many such men, and many similar women. They are confided in, not so much from the expectation of sympathy, as from the certainty of whatever you tell them being understood and appreciated. Perhaps, however, there is little difference between understanding and sympathizing.

"Let us look round the subject in every way," said Thurston, "if you have a real purpose you are not to be hindered by difficulties; and it is well to understand them thoroughly. You see when men are let loose, as it were, by emigration, it is so difficult to retain any hold on them. The old motives of persuasion and guidance are gone. Then, again, so much time and thought must be given to matters that are purely physical. You have to extemporise all the means and arts of civilization. Nothing is done to your hand. Then too there are the accretions which follow, often very unwelcome and very embarrassing—I mean the new settlers, who come in a scattered way by driblets, and over whom you have no control.

Moreover, look at the jealousies there must be in a new country. Here you have people who have settled down in their respective classes. There you have to make a new classification; and everybody wishes to be in the first class. I don't wish to discourage you, my dear Casimir, but you must look at all these drawbacks."

"I see them all, my dear Mr. Thurston, or at least, I see a great many of them; but sum them all up together, and make the most of them you can, they are not equal to the difficulty of having to deal with a settled state of things which, from the accumulated mischief of ages, has gone wrong. Take ——" (here Casimir mentioned the hideous suburb in which he had lived); "to do anything there worth doing, you have to reform not merely thousands of human beings, but to alter, almost by destruction and re-construction, millions' worth of property. Now to deal with property is always the great difficulty."

"That is certainly a very shrewd remark for a young one," Thurston replied.

"I remember once, when I was your age, try-

ing to cover over a pestiferous open drain, which for some distance, passed through a place thickly inhabited. I found I could manage the people; they were ready enough to aid me: but the property was quite unmanageable; and I had to give up my well-intended effort in despair."

"Now, the main thing, Mr. Thurston, which encourages me is this—that it seems to me that our present knowledge, which in physical science is enormous, when compared with that of any previous generation, would enable us to lay down such foundations, physically speaking, as should make it difficult for these evils to arise, which in an old state, are the results of centuries of ignorance."

"The boy talks like a book," said Thurston, "like a very good book. (*Aside*) There is generally a touch of the pedant mingled with the nature of the enthusiast."

"What are you saying, Mr. Thurston? I am sure it is something very satirical."

"No, my dear fellow, I was only intimating to myself that to play the part which you design to

play in life, one should combine the rather different ages of twenty-three and sixty-seven; and upon my word I think you do combine them. But who is this?"

Here there was a knocking at the door; and, to the astonishment of both of them, Lord Lochawe entered. His Lordship was not a man prone to pay morning visits.

Lord Lochawe shook hands warmly with his young relative; but there was a shade of coldness in his manner of greeting Mr. Thurston. Now, it is true that Casimir had made Mr. Thurston's acquaintance at Lord Lochawe's table. His Lordship was well aware of that fact; but, at the same time, he had never intended that they should become such great friends. Lord Lochawe knew that Thurston was a man of many ideas, and his Lordship did not approve of a man's having many ideas, certainly not of his having more than one at a time, which one was to be dealt with in a business-like fashion. Casimir had too many ideas to please Lord Lochawe; but, then, his Lordship trusted that most of them

would vanish as the young man should grow older and wiser. Whereas Mr. Thurston was a hardened offender, and there was no hope of clipping his wings.

Thurston perceived at once that his presence was not peculiarly acceptable to Lord Lochawe, and he soon took his departure.

Casimir waited in silence to hear what Lord Lochawe would say. He felt sure that the Earl had not called upon him without some distinct purpose.

Visions of some scrape of Lord Glenant's, or some imprudence of his own in respect to Lady Alice, or Ruth Sumner, crossed his mind, and made the young man's heart beat quickly. If he could but have known what was coming upon him, it would have beat more quickly—that is, if he could but have seen a certain young girl hurrying through the streets pursued furtively by a little boy; both of them moving to the quarter in which Casimir's rooms were situated. How fortunate it is that we do not see the evils that are advancing upon us! if we did, we should

have no time for thought about anything else.

> Man is too blind a creature to indulge
> In wishing—oft with anxious, straining, eyes
> We watch the coming of some joy long-hoped for:
> And now 'tis near.—But at its side a dark
> And stealthy thing that we should fly like death,
> Did we but see it, is advancing on us—
> Yes, step for step, with those of its bright compeer—
> The dark thing smiles to see us hailing both
> With mad delight.

Lord Lochawe began, with a touch of his usual pomposity, "My time, my dear boy, as you know, is very valuable. The Cabinet is at half-past two to-day; but I have something very important to say to you, which may affect the prospects of your future life." Casimir grew pale, thinking of Lady Alice and of Ruth. "I have received further intelligence respecting the danger that your father runs of being compromised by his untoward political opinions, or rather by the opinions of that empty-headed Professor who was your tutor, and lives with him. I am afraid,

[1] King Henry the Second: an Historical Drama.

Casimir, that that man has done you some mischief, too."

The young Count breathed freely again. He loved his father very sincerely—more, far more, perhaps, than any other human being as yet; but he knew that he had given his father full warning of the danger, and he felt, comparatively speaking, comfortable on this point.

"I think you had better throw in your lot with us," continued the Earl. "Great Britain is the only country where there is a fitting career for such young men as you. Your father must come here. You shall be naturalized: you can take your mother's name of Gordon. We Peers, as you know, do not interfere in elections; but there is a town" (here the Earl drew himself up) "which has always viewed the scions of the House of Lochawe with a certain favour. You shall enter Parliament. Glenant, poor fellow, does not care for these things. I see he will never alter; but you might represent Aldengate in the Lower House. For generations we have always had such a representation. Besides, other ties may come to keep you with us."

Casimir felt that he blushed. He remained silent, thinking how he should deal with this torrent of new ideas and new circumstances which Lord Lochawe had suddenly brought upon him. The silence, however, was not broken by him, but, by a confused noise on the staircase of two voices, one of which he recognized to be his landlady's and the other a voice which sounded strangely familiar to him. The altercation did not last long, the door was opened, and who should make her appearance but Maggie, heated, out of breath, and looking, to use that most expressive word, as "draggle-tailed" as ever. When she had shut the door she leant against it, not venturing to advance, and looking quite bewildered. Casimir was the first to speak: "What, you here, Margaret; what brings you?"

"Oh! don't be angry, Mr. George! Oh, do forgive me. Since you have been gone I haven't had a moment's peace. They have threatened to kill me. They say such things about you and me. Let me stay with you. I'll be your servant—they will kill me if I go back."

Meanwhile Lord Lochawe had contemplated this strange scene with an expression on his countenance of the utmost disgust. As was but natural, he put the worst construction on what he had just heard.

Casimir turned to him and caught the full force of the expression. If there was anybody in the world he feared, it was Lord Lochawe. Men of Lord Lochawe's temperament have a peculiar power of quelling enthusiasts of Casimir's nature.

"I assure you, Lord Lochawe, it is not what you think; it is not, indeed." Poor Casimir could not explain himself more fully in Margaret's presence.

"It is not my business, Count Casimir, to require any explanations from you of your private conduct. I think we had better consider much of what I have said to you unsaid, except, of course, as regards my warning respecting your father."

"Certainly, my Lord, I should not wish to be the recipient of unwilling bounty."

"I do, indeed, now pity your poor father,"

said Lord Lochawe, whose wrath was now rising; "Glenant himself could not have behaved more unbecomingly."

This was about the severest thing that Lord Lochawe could say; for, though he loved his son very dearly, he thought him a model of irreclaimable bad behaviour in certain respects. This was not true; but Lord Glenant had all his life, from a wild love of mischief, made himself out to his respectable father to be infinitely worse than he was.

"But," added the Earl, "Glenant is no hypocrite. You know the worst of Glenant from himself; he never pretends to be anything but what he is. The Lochawes may err; but they scorn to conceal their errors."

Now, if there was a signal fault in Casimir Maremma's character it was that he was a little too conscious that he was a very good young man —a young man with different purposes from other young men, and not condescending to any of their vices. This consciousness alone prevented him from being a great man of the first

order, for their greatness is ever simple and unconscious.

His anger now was roused, and it quite overcame his fear of the old Earl. "There is no Lochawe," he said, "if there have been Lochawes from the flood, and I doubt not our ancestry dates from that early period, my Lord, who is less of a hypocrite than Casimir Maremma."

The Earl rose on hearing this offensive speech, made one of those haughty bows of his which were well known in the House of Lords when he condescended to assent to anything that had been said by an adversary, and saying merely "Good-morning, Count Casimir Maremma," quitted the room; not, however, as he passed the young Count, failing to say in low tones which could be heard by him alone, "and what a creature!"

Poor Margaret drew back from the door, scared by the words of the old gentleman; and, when he had gone, folded her arms meekly and awaited Casimir's reply.

You never know how anyone will behave in any emergency; not even how you yourself will

behave in it. In vain we arrange a mode of action for mankind in every possible circumstance; but mankind, being a very eccentric personage, declines to act in the way that we so wisely lay down as natural. It always seemed to me very pedantic in Horace to lay down rules of behaviour, even for well-known characters—

Sit Medea ferox, invictaque; flebilis Io:

for Medea will, all of a sudden, be gentle and tameable; while Io will be wrathful rather than tearful.

The Earl had scarcely left the room before Casimir handed Margaret in the politest manner to a seat; helped her to take off her fragmentary shawl; brought her some biscuits and a glass of wine; and, in fact, treated her as a welcome and expected visitor. Not one thought of being unkind to her—the unintentional cause of so much mischief to him—entered the mind of the young Count, for he was truly chivalrous. Margaret ate and drank at his bidding to please him, and then looked patiently and humbly at her

master, for so she regarded him. Meanwhile he had sat down to think. His thoughts ran thus:—"The new school of theology may say what they like, but there certainly is a devil—a being whose sole business it is to perplex and mortify us. This is the second time only that he (not the devil, but Lord Lochawe) has honoured me with a visit—

> Much honoured were our humble home,
> If in its halls Lochawe should come—

and she must come, too, not only on the very day, but at the very hour—the very minute—that was the most inappropriately damnatory. What could he think but what he does think? There is a great deal that is dramatic left in life, notwithstanding we wear swallow-tail coats and trousers.

"What could he think, I say, what could anybody think, but just what they ought not to think? I was hard upon the old man, rude to him. No doubt he is right in supposing that there was a Lochawe very soon after the Flood,

but I need not have alluded to that fact so pointedly. I jest; but it is with the heaviest heart I ever knew. By the way," and here Casimir spoke aloud, and in the gentlest manner, "how did you find me out, Maggie?"

Maggie, encouraged by the kind tones of Casimir's voice, prattled away; and, in the circumambient fashion in which people of her class talk, not only answered his question, but gave him an account of all that happened in his absence. Sister-in-law had been very kind for the first week after he left (Casimir had paid highly for this kindness, and had promised more); then she began to persecute Maggie; and they were all so unkind; and they told her how she might get money from him; and they threatened to beat her if she didn't find him out and get some; and at last they did beat her cruelly; but she knew all the time where Mr. George was, though she wouldn't tell them, for they talked about being revenged upon him. And how she came to know was this: that she knew the man who had helped him to bring away his turning-lathe

after he had given the rest of his furniture to her sister-in-law.

She told enough in her rambling way to make Casimir understand how it had all happened, and what sufferings the girl had gone through. He blamed himself bitterly for not having made the visit which he had intended to make to his old quarters to see how the poor girl was getting on. He declared to himself that he had intended to go yesterday, but was sure that the personage, to whom the new school of theology had denied existence, had prevented him. There was a touch of humour in his sadness which did not make it less sad. He had a "conceit in his misery, a miserable conceit." He could not help smiling at his thought; and Maggie, taking this as a sign of forgiveness, approached him, and leant over his arm-chair. Everything, even the merest trifle that was to occur this day, was to be unfortunate to poor Casimir.

At this moment the woman of the house entered. She was not a bad specimen of landlady; and her faith in Casimir, as a good young

man, had hitherto been unbounded; but, as she had been telling them down-stairs, "everything was so deceiving now-a-days, there was no telling a good potato from a bad one till you came to peel it; and, as for eggs, the likeliest-looking ones had chickens in them." The good woman's metaphors were always of a culinary nature.

"We can't have any of these doings here, Mr. Count," she said; "this has always been a most respectable house, and I beg you'll consider yourself as given notice from to-morrow week; and as for this hussy, if she don't make herself scarce this very minute, I'll send for the police, for she a'most knocked me down in the passage: the impudent creature!"

Poor Casimir was far too much depressed, and had been far too unsuccessful in attempting any defence of his conduct to Lord Lochawe, to be otherwise than most submissive to the landlady.

"Certainly, Mrs. Reddington, I will leave your lodgings to-morrow week." ("He spoke like a lamb," as Mrs. Reddington afterwards said, "and

I had almost a mind to make it up if he wouldn't do such things again"). "But, perhaps, you misjudge me, Mrs. Reddington. As for this young woman, she shall go immediately, and with me. Will you have the kindness to send for a cab?" ("And here," said Mrs. Reddington, he made me a bow, as the foreign Lords do, and I couldn't say no more to him").

When the young Count ordered the cab he had not the slightest notion of where he should conduct Maggie. She naturally supposed that she was to be taken home again, and began quietly to cry. Before the cab came, however, Casimir had made up his mind to go to Mr. Thurston. One thing he was sure of, and that was that Mr. Thurston would listen to him, and would believe all he had to tell, even if, which he doubted, he should blame him for ever having interfered in Maggie's behalf. He fortunately found Mr. Thurston at home, told the whole story, which we know, and found that he had very little difficulty in persuading that good-natured man (there was no Mrs. Thurston) to

receive Maggie into his house as a servant. They would then have time to arrange what could finally be done with her. Casimir returned to his lodgings, and though it was still so early in the day that the cabinet which Lord Lochawe attended was not over (by the way never was Lord Lochawe known to be so unbusiness-like, and so *distrait* as at that cabinet), Casimir fell at once into a deep sleep. This has often been observed to be the result of great mental agitation or vexation, which according to a most beneficent arrangement of nature, seems to have a stunning or numbing effect upon most persons.

And here, for the present, we will leave him, not without, in some degree, partaking his conclusion that sometimes, the very Principle of Evil seems to be able to give its time and attention to one human being only.

Chapter XII.

THE RESULTS OF MAGGIE'S VISIT.

IN tales of fiction, as in real life, we often pity least those who suffer most; or, rather, we do not pity at all those who suffer much. Our interest centres wholly on the young; and we forget to pity the old, the uninteresting, the unromantic, as if the heart ever became too old or too dull to suffer.

We left the young Count Casimir in a state of mind much to be pitied; but Lord Lochawe, elderly, uninteresting, and most unromantic person as he was, should perhaps claim our pity fully as much. Lord Lochawe's circle of affection was a very restricted one. He rather liked the general public for whom he had worked faithfully the greater part of his life, but whom,

if the truth were told, he thought to be a little ungrateful, in not recognizing his merits and his services more amply. He had "a great regard and esteem," to use his patronising official mode of speech, for two or three of the gentlemen who had acted under him as private secretaries and under-secretaries of state. He loved his son, Lord Glenant, but thought him a sad fellow, and felt that there was a great gulf between them in thought and feeling which could never quite be filled up by their mutual affection. He loved his daughter, the Lady Alice; but there again he felt that there was little in common between them; and even her affectionate mode of jesting, when she tried to divert him from his work, was not understood by him, much as he loved her. Ruth, he esteemed and loved, but still it was not as he would have loved a daughter. There his affection ended, or at least had ended until Count Casimir had come into the home circle of the Lochawes. In him the Earl had found a young man after his own heart, so wise, so earnest, so capable of being made

business-like—and then too with such a resemblance to the Earl's early love.

I said that the Earl had been very *distrait* at the Cabinet; so much so, indeed, that the witty Mr. Hardlines had whispered to his neighbour "If I had known that old Lochawe would have been so tame to-day, I would have brought with me the heads of my bill for —— to which he will have a hundred pedantic objections to make. I don't like to see a man so different from his usual self, do you? The dear old fellow is going to have an illness, I think."

And now Lord Lochawe was in his study. It was in vain that piles of papers neatly tied up and set in order, and cabinet boxes with long labels to them, claimed an attention which such inviting documents and boxes had never before failed to gain from the precise old man. He wandered up and down, muttering to himself, "So like her, so very like her, when he was most in a rage. He had her scornful indignant smile when she heard of anything that was base, or of any cruelty to the meanest of God's crea-

tures. I would not have minded it if he had been such an honest scamp as Glenant; but the boy pretended to be so good. To use a phrase of the people's, you would have thought that butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.

And then, too, he was studying the manufacturing interests of this country, forsooth! He wished to know how the common people worked and lived; and certainly he has made acquaintance with the commonest of the common. I hate a hypocrite, as I told him to his face. Whatever the Lochawes have been, they have never been hypocrites. And it was to this fellow that I would have given my Alice. Good God, how little we know of human nature, even after sixty years' experience of it. And they think that we statesmen see the worst side of it too. But the fellow shan't break my heart. I'll set to work. After all, work is the greatest comfort." And, so saying, the stout old Earl did set to work, and did find in that some comfort.

His family soon found out that there was

something very wrong with the Earl. He had a way of pursing up his mouth when he was much displeased; and this was a sign well known to every member of his family. Lady Alice said to Ruth, "Papa's mouth is *en permanence* to-day. Something dreadful must have happened. Either he is going to resign, or Glenant has done something even worse than usual."

For days the Earl's mouth remained set in its most obstinate fashion. Ruth began to divine that something worse had happened than a "difficulty" in the cabinet, or than any scrape of Lord Glenant's. Besides, too, she was the first to notice that Count Casimir had suddenly ceased to pay the visits which were wont to be daily paid by him at Lochawe house. She resolved to fathom the mystery. Now Lord Lochawe was so accustomed to treat Ruth as a private secretary, and to be perfectly confidential with her, that he had almost ceased to look upon her as a young woman. He therefore easily surrendered to her adroit questioning, and betrayed to her the enormity, as he called it, of the young

Count's guilt, the extent of his own suffering, and the hopes which he had entertained for Lady Alice. He little thought of the suffering he was inflicting upon his hearer. She, with him, could not but think the worst; and Casimir's conduct in not coming near them, seemed to be a convincing proof that their thoughts were just. The Earl too, who was the most honest of men, informed Ruth, giving her thereby another unconscious stab, that the girl was beautiful, most beautiful. "A miserable, dirty, draggle-tailed creature, my dear, but not without beauty, not without much beauty." And here, with that odd vanity which besets men even in the most serious circumstances, the Earl could not help adding, "The Lochawes you know, my love (and Casimir is one of us) have fine taste as regards beauty in women, and it is perhaps owing to that that they are what they are, my dear,—I mean as regards good looks. But such a creature! You have never seen the like of her, nor I indeed, except when I was on a Sanitary Commission as a young man, and went, in my official capacity, to visit the back streets of London. Such horrors!"

In that beautiful passage of Dante, in which the loves of Paolo and Francesca are told with such exquisite force and delicacy, that the story remains for ever a gain for the world, a thing that cannot be rivalled or surpassed, it ends with the simple words, "We read no more that day." With an agony corresponding in extent to the joy depicted in Dante's story, for the passions are alike in all ages, and the madness of supreme love is ever the same, we may say of poor Ruth, that she wrote no more that day.

Pleading a headache, that convenient malady for women, she begged to be excused from further work, and retired to her own room.

The Earl, who prided himself upon seeing deeply into everything, saw through the headache, and knew that it was an excuse. "Poor Ruth," he said to himself, "how tender-hearted she is, how much she feels for me and for the family." So you see the Earl was very far-sighted, but not quite so far-sighted as to see into the depths of a loving woman's heart.

The first thing that Ruth did, when she was

alone in her own room, was to look into the glass. "No, I am not beautiful," she said, "no flattery could say that I am beautiful. But, oh! if they could look into our hearts, these men might be wiser than they are. No one will ever love him as I could have loved him—each word so dear to me that he uttered—each thought, before it rose to utterance, so well understood by me." And here she laughed hysterically. "The good old man is as foolish as the rest of them. The Lochawes have always had a keen sense of women's beauty. The fools! the idiots! and this is what it comes to. 'A wretched girl, such as I know not of,' forsooth! As if I had not seen them, as if I had not pitied them, as if I would not have died for them—while I loathed them. The dainty Count Casimir, too! this virtuous youth! so set upon his grand designs to raise the common people! He has raised them forsooth—this one at least. I cannot drive the thought of this from me; no, I cannot; for I do love him. She would be his servant, would she, as the Earl told me, and would not I? Where should he go

that I would not follow him, content to be only his servant. Shame upon me! It is most unmaidenly, but there it is; and, as my Lord says, dear proud old man, 'the Lochawes never tell lies to themselves,' nor, indeed, for that matter, to anybody else—except this Casimir. He is not of our lineage: I repudiate him, but I do love him, though."

Then there was the common-place interruption of Ruth's maid coming to assist her to dress for dinner. She went down to dinner calm and composed as usual, took her customary part in conversation, and Lord Lochawe's mouth was not so compressed as it had been for the last few days, for he had found much comfort in telling Ruth of his troubles, and he occasionally interchanged a few words with her at dinner time, which had a distant reference to the subject they both had at heart, and which were quite unintelligible to the rest of the company.

Both Lord Lochawe and Ruth Sumner were wrong in the conclusion they had come to that Count Casimir's non-appearance at Lochawe house

was a proof that their worst thoughts of him were right, and that he was ashamed to make his appearance there. On the contrary, his first thought, after awaking from the deep sleep which had fallen upon him on that memorable day of Maggie's untoward presence in his rooms, was that he would go to Lord Lochawe; that he would humble himself before the old man, and apologize for the rude words which he had uttered; that he would insist upon being heard as regards Maggie's story and his own; and that he would not leave the house until he had made his peace. But the events of the last few days had proved too strong for him, for he was now upon his bed almost sightless, and in agonies of pain.

It may be remembered that in a preceding chapter it was mentioned that Maggie was followed through the streets by a little boy. This boy was one of her little nephews who had been tempted by sundry pennies, given to him by his mother, to act as a spy upon Maggie's proceedings. He had followed her into the house

and up the stairs; had seen master George transformed into a grand gentleman; and had caught a glimpse of that turning lathe which had been the unconscious cause of so much misery to Count Casimir.

The boy returned home, and had much to tell his parents. The news was soon bruited about amongst the workmen of that district. A meeting of the club was held. The young Count was denounced as a Frenchman, as a spy, as a man who was going to take the bread out of their mouths by some new-fangled invention, who had only come amongst them to make himself master of their peculiar craft, so that he might do them most injury most certainly. Why, otherwise, should one of the rich have come amongst them? Appearances were sadly against the young Count. It would have required a force of imagination not possessed by any of these poor workmen to have imagined the profoundly benevolent purpose for which he had come amongst them. Then, too, there was the private wrong to be redressed—the wrong that he had done to

Maggie, who would have been mightily astonished to find that she had been suddenly elevated into the position of a heroine and a victim by the whole neighbourhood. It was gratifying to hear how much her half-brothers and her sister-in-law had estimated her, and how impossible they now felt it to be to live without her.

The day after Count Casimir had received the inopportune visits of Lord Lochawe and Maggie, he remained at home, much exhausted and depressed by all that he had gone through, but resolving to pluck up courage, and to make his peace with Lord Lochawe on the ensuing day.

In the evening there arrived for him a small deal box. He proceeded to open it, without the least suspicion of its contents; indeed, he supposed it to be something which he had ordered at a brass-founder's, and which was connected with that unfortunate machine which had already been of such great disservice to him. It was, however, a missive from his enemies, clumsily constructed, but still not so clumsily constructed

that it altogether failed to have the desired effect. The thing partially exploded as he was bending over it, and he received some injuries which were nearly proving fatal to his eyesight, and almost to his life.

By great good fortune Mr. Thurston happened to pay him a visit that evening within a quarter of an hour of the time of the accident. The noise of the explosion had not been great—indeed it had been rather a flare than an explosion—and, in the midst of his sufferings, Count Casimir had retained sufficient power over his thoughts, and sufficient command over his pain, to think how this accident, if noised abroad, would injure his great purposes. He implored Thurston to keep the matter quiet, to manage Mrs. Reddington, and to prevent the affair from getting into the newspapers. Mr. Thurston saw how important it would be for the sufferer that his wishes in these respects should be obeyed, and he took measures accordingly; first, however, sending for the eminent surgeon, Sir James MacArthur. That good man, who had

previously had some knowledge of Count Casimir, was greatly distressed at finding him in this state; but, after listening to Mr. Thurston, acquiesced in keeping the matter quiet. He did not feel at all sure, he said, of what might be the consequences as regarded the eyesight of the young Count; for the rest, he could answer. There would be great pain and suffering, but nothing that would be fatal to the life of a young man.

Chapter XIII.

RUTH'S SUPPOSED RIVAL.

MR. THURSTON watched by his young friend's bedside the greater part of that night, and through a great part of several succeeding days and nights. But he was not the only watcher. The last thing which Mr. Thurston would have done intentionally would have been to have told Maggie of Casimir's misfortune and present state of suffering. A mere philosopher, however, has but small chance against a woman's wit when he seeks to conceal anything from her. Maggie suspected something; and, by dint of watching and listening—for she had no small scruples of refinement—she soon learnt what had happened. On the third day after his accident she was at

the bedside of the sufferer. It may be wondered how she succeeded in passing the formidable Mrs. Reddington, and establishing herself in Casimir's room, contrary to all the notions of propriety with which Mrs. Reddington's mind was instinct. But Maggie, who had been dressed in decent clothes by Mr. Thurston's good old housekeeper, was a very different person to look at from the dishevelled, draggle-tailed creature who had forced her way into the house on a previous occasion. Mrs. Reddington, at first, did not even recognize her. Then she came as Mr. Thurston's servant, and brought something dainty with her to justify her coming. Moreover, Maggie, in her odd way, possessed, in a high degree, the great art of coaxing. Anyhow she conquered Mrs. Reddington; and, indeed, soon became a favourite with that good lady. Maggie had no especial skill in nursing, and was at first more useful in the lower regions than the upper; and, for the time, was more Mrs. Reddington's servant than she was Mr. Thurston's. For the first day or two she had only

come for a few hours; but, on the fourth day, Mr. Thurston, unaccustomed to this work of watching a sick person, was ill, and unable to leave his own room. Accordingly, Maggie, with or without his knowledge, established herself for the whole day in Casimir's lodgings.

Mr. Thurston had felt that it was too great a responsibility for him to take upon himself to conceal from Lord Lochawe the serious illness of his near relative, Count Casimir. On the previous day he had called upon his Lordship, and informed him of the state of things, making somewhat lighter of Casimir's injury and illness than was absolutely true, and also concealing the cause of the injury, making it appear rather as an accident than as anything intentional. He did this, knowing that if the Earl, in his fussy way, should demand an enquiry into the circumstances, it would greatly disturb Cassimir and possibly prevent his recovery. Of course the Earl did not fail to tell his trusty private secretary, Ruth; and it was agreed between them, that, notwithstanding Casimir's wickedness, he

must not be neglected, and that Ruth should call at his lodgings the next day, and find out the real state of things. The Earl could not quite compromise his dignity by going himself, though he longed to do so.

Casimir had fallen into a deep though uneasy sleep when Ruth Sumner called at his lodgings. Coming in the Earl's carriage, she was received with due obsequiousness by Mrs. Reddington, and what she heard from that good lady greatly increased her fears. Still, knowing how people of this kind are prone to exaggerate illness, her preconceived notions of Casimir's state did not by any means come up to the reality. She went up stairs, attended by Mrs. Reddington, and softly opened the door. Maggie was sitting crouched up in a large arm-chair, which was close to the bed. She rose from it; and, raising her finger, said gently, "Hush, hush." In this attitude the girl looked most beautiful. Ruth's heart sank within her as she contemplated the beauty of her supposed rival, and noticed the familiarity of the position in which she had first found her. She said to

herself, "The old lord is right. The Lochawes have certainly a fine sense of beauty."

The two girls remained for some time looking at one another in silence. Maggie had resumed her place in the arm-chair, in a crouching but not ungraceful attitude. At length the sufferer, who had been moaning uneasily for some time, awoke, and called for water. Maggie was at his side in a moment, and as she gave the water to him, slightly withdrew the curtain. Ruth's horror, on the first sight of Casimir, was unbounded. She would hardly have known him again. An injury of this kind seems even worse than it is. The eyelashes were burnt, the eyebrows partially, and also much of the hair. The eyes were closed. The face had been dreadfully scorched. "Oh, Casimir, what is this?" was all that she could say. Meanwhile, Maggie was passing her fingers through the hair that was left, and was soothing him as a mother soothes her child. Ruth saw all this, and with no feelings of pleasure, for the mind is large enough to feel, at the same time, the intensest pity and the intensest disgust.

Casimir recognised the voice; and said, "Miss Sumner, thank you for coming. I suppose Lord Lochawe knows about it—an accident—an unfortunate experiment. Do not let him be uncomfortable for me. I shall soon be all right again. But come here, please. Read this to me." Here he drew, from under the pillow, a foreign-looking letter.

Maggie whispered to Ruth, "I would have read it to him, you know. I can read English; mother taught me, before she died; but I can't read this. I'm so glad you're come."

Ruth sat down close by the bedside. She felt she could hardly stand; and Maggie took up her old position in the large arm-chair. Ruth began to read the letter. It was in French, and was from the old Count Maremma.

Everyone, who has known misfortune, knows, that, as is the way with great kings, it always comes attended with a suite of courtiers like itself.

In a few hurried words the old Count told his son that the worst which had been anticipated

had happened; that he was about to be denounced by the government; that most of his household had already fled; and that he, the professor, and old Bettina were about to seek their safety in flight. He did not yet know where he should fly to. Moreover this letter might be intercepted. A further letter would give full particulars.

The last sentences were unheard by Casimir, for he had fainted. The two girls, with Mrs. Reddington's aid, who was immediately summoned, succeeded after a time in restoring him. When he had been restored to consciousness, Casimir did nothing but moan out incoherent sentences about going to his father immediately. Once he strove to rise from the bed, but was gently restrained by Ruth and Maggie. After a time he was silent; and Maggie began to sing, in a low voice, a song, which, during the last day or two, she had often found useful in calming him. At last overcome by exhaustion, numbed by sorrow, and soothed by Maggie's crooning, Casimir fell again into a sound sleep.

Ruth rose to go. Maggie followed her, and softly closed the door behind them. The two girls stood upon the landing-place, confronting one another—the supposed sinner, and the supposed saint. But any superior being, who could have looked into the hearts of both of them, would have been much puzzled to say which was the sinner, and which was the saint. In Ruth's heart there was the infinite passion of love; there was also infinite shame, and almost infinite remorse, as regarded that passion; there was disgust, too, mixed with envy, as she looked into the loving eyes of the other girl; and, above all, there was immeasurable pity for Casimir. She thought more meanly of him, and less meanly. One woman knows another well, far better than any man, and Ruth felt the innocence and lovingness of this poor neglected child. How could Casimir have had the heart to betray her? But, all the while, she felt that Maggie was very loveable and very beautiful; and that it was not so surprising, or so very base, that Casimir should have loved the girl. But then, her idol—the

man she thought to be a great man (and Ruth had ever formed for herself an ideal of a great man) to condescend to ignorance, and to be the merest slave of passion.

Maggie interrupted these meditations, which passed in a few moments through Ruth's mind, by these simple words, "Do come again, dear lady: come to-morrow. I can't get out every day, you know. Somebody who loves him should be with him always."

Poor Maggie could not have made a more unfortunate speech. That her love should be known to this girl, and what was worse, that it should be tolerated, was to Ruth the height of indignity. She said, angrily, "Lord Lochawe will doubtless come himself. I cannot come again. Such profligacy is not for me to see."

Now poor Maggie did not understand the word "profligacy;" but she knew that it was something very blameful. Drunkenness was the thing that she thought was the worst in the world. All her troubles had come upon her when her half-brothers and her sister-in-law were

drunk. Moreover she had never heard anything emphatic said without its being accompanied with a coarse word, or an oath. Whereupon she uttered the following words in defence of her "dear Master George." I am almost ashamed to write them down, and to make them come from the mouth of a beautiful and innocent girl. But they were said; and it is no good pretending that they were not said, or softening them down.

"It's a d——d shame," said Maggie, her beautiful eyes expanding with wrath, "and its all a d——d lie. Master George never came home drunk once during all the time he was in our house. I'll swear to it, by God I will."

Ruth stayed to hear no more, but fled down stairs, only muttering to herself, "All the time that he was in our house, the wretches!" And the swift horses of Lord Lochawe bore their light freight, but if misery could be weighed, and were a thing palpable and earthly, we should have said, their heavy burden, to Lochawe House.

We have given a picture, a faithful picture, of

Ruth Sumner's mind. We ought, in justice, to do the same with Maggie's. Maggie did not know what love was. Love rather belongs to idleness; and Maggie had not known a day for many years in which she had not been hunted down by ill-nature, or oppressed by work. Her idea of a happy day was one in which she escaped harsh words or harsher blows. She loved Casimir, it is true; but it was with the love of a child for a protector. She would have died for him, in the extremity of her gratitude; but she respected him far too much, and worshipped him too much,—the noblest, kindest, cleverest being she had ever seen—to love him as young women love young men. A more complete innocence was never seen; and the mind of the other girl—demure, proper, decorous, as she was — contained whirlwinds of passion, as yet unknown to, and undreamt of, by poor Maggie.

Chapter XIV.

RUTH'S RESOLVE.

A GREAT traveller who had wandered for many days and nights in sad disappointment and trouble of mind, for he had lost his way, came at last into a fair country. There was much that was new, there was much that was beautiful and remarkable in that country; but there was nothing which caused the traveller so much admiration, though he had seen many countries, as this: There was a tree in that country, the wood of which when formed into caskets, had a property which was magical. Whatever was put into these caskets remained for ever there, and could never be taken out. It seemed to the traveller, something awful that you should have receptacles which held for

ever what was once committed to them. But the inhabitants of this country saw none of this awfulness. Out of these caskets could be taken exact images of all that had been put into them. They saw nothing wonderful in this. So lightly did they treat these caskets that they were content to put into them any kind of rubbish, for the only difficulty which this injudicious filling of the caskets caused them was, that they had to turn over more of these articles of rubbish to get at the image of anything they wanted. They saw nothing magical, or, as I should rather say, providential, in all this. Indeed, they said that the substance out of which the caskets were formed had acquired this magical quality for itself, or that this property had been derived by a fortuitous concurrence of accidental atoms.

The traveller wondered at their folly and despised it; but he forgot that in his memory he carried about with him a receptacle which did not differ much in its nature from those which the inhabitants of this fair country estimated so slightly and filled so carelessly.

The book of travels of this great traveller naturally recurred to me when thinking of the words that poor Maggie had, so unconsciously, disgraced herself by uttering. How can we expect that the young, however beautiful their nature, will cease from reproducing what they have heard uttered from their earliest years —those lower layers of thought, feeling, and expression which have been first placed into those marvellous receptacles which we sum up in one word, and call their memories?

Ruth reached home an almost broken-hearted woman. She felt it to be her duty to tell Lord Lochawe of all that had passed. Her own feelings were most bitter, and were most confused. She had now no doubt of the relation in which poor Maggie stood to Count Casimir. She felt that he was lost to her for ever. She also felt that his father's loss of fortune made it imperative upon him, if he could get rid of Maggie, to marry a woman who should bring him fortune and the means of carrying out his great designs. She resolved that he should marry

Lady Alice. Lady Alice had a large fortune in her own power; and Ruth determined that in the present position of affairs, that fortune should go to aid in bringing to a successful issue Count Casimir's great purposes. She had long seen that Casimir was hesitating between the two —between herself and Lady Alice—as to whom he would love.

This was, however, a matter for further consideration. Her present difficulty was with Lord Lochawe, who was inconceivably distressed by what Ruth had to tell him. His first thought was that his son, Lord Glenant, would be most useful in this emergency. "Glenant," he said, "will manage everything. He will get rid of the girl if she ought to be got rid of. He will see what is to be done about the old Count."

It may be observed that Lord Lochawe had the greatest faith in his son's knowledge of the world, and in his power to get through the most difficult circumstances. "You, my dear," he said to Ruth, "must see Glenant and instruct him as to what he is to do. I must go to the

house. A statesman should have none of these difficulties. He ought not, my dear Ruth, to have a wife, or to have children, to molest him. He should be as a monk, with nothing to think of but his Order."

Ruth Sumner and Lord Glenant had an interview together. It was rather an embarrassing one, for a girl is always much perplexed when she has to talk with a rejected lover. Glenant did not make this difficulty easier for her. He could not help being a little malicious. He knew that she loved Casimir, and would pretend that he did not understand what she was endeavouring to explain to him. At last, however, he undertook the function which his father and Ruth had resolved to impose upon him; and, from that time forward, he was a constant attendant at the bed-side of his rival, Count Casimir.

Meanwhile Maggie had gained her point: she had contrived to establish herself as the permanent nurse of Count Casimir, or rather, as the servant of Mrs. Reddington. She succeeded in

managing her master, Mr. Thurston, completely. The poor philosopher had never been so treated before. She would kneel to him, kiss his hand, and ask his permission to do what she had determined to do, namely, to wait upon Count Casimir. Maggie did not behave as a servant, but rather as a wilful child. In despair he would ring for Mrs. Goodall, his housekeeper, and ask her whether she could manage this girl. Mrs. Goodall replied that she could not. Then his hopes were placed upon Mrs. Reddington; but that excellent woman had come to believe in Maggie, and was almost a slave to her. The truth is, that Maggie was so handy, she learnt everything so quickly, that, in the present emergency, she had become more the mistress of the house than Mrs. Reddington herself. This is no mystery. There is a reason for it. The people who have not been crammed with much previous knowledge, and yet have not passed the time when the perceptions are very vivid, acquire new knowledge very swiftly and easily. And, moreover, Maggie was one of those persons who are singularly deft in all work with

the hands, and who seem to possess a faculty, in that respect, which is unknown to the great majority of mankind.

Every reader must observe, that Ruth Sumner was somewhat unlike herself, and inconsistent when she seemed to think that Casimir was good enough for Lady Alice, though not for Ruth herself, on account of his supposed intimacy with Maggie. Yet, Ruth's regard for Alice was very great, and one might have expected that she would have been as delicate, and as dignified for Alice, as for herself. The supposition is naturally suggested that Ruth thought that a lower kind of love than that which she must have, would suffice for Alice. There certainly was some baseness, too, in bringing in money as an element in the transaction. But then it may be observed that people who would not be base for themselves, will adopt very questionable motives, when acting, or scheming, for others. Any way that it may be taken, Ruth's views were scarcely reconcileable with the usual high tenor of her mind.

It would be worth while to have long life, if

only to have the time and opportunity to study, and, if possible, to understand any one human character. No man, or woman, would appear to you to be absurd or inconsistent, if you knew *all* about him, or her. There are those who fear that God should know everything about them: whereas it should be the chief comfort to all of us to reflect that there is One Being who knows everything about us, and, therefore, with a divine toleration, can pardon.

Chapter XV.

LORD GLENANT AND MAGGIE.

THE days went on. Count Casimir's illness was severe, lingering, and more uncertain in its results than the great surgeon had at first anticipated. Lord Glenant was the constant attendant at the bedside of his cousin,—a most willing attendant, not merely from good-nature, though he was a most good-natured man, but also from the delight he took in the companionship of Maggie. Not that these two were always friends—quite the contrary. There was sometimes dire war between them, and almost hatred, for the moment, on the part of Maggie. Lord Glenant would pretend to be very angry with Casimir, and would talk as if he believed in all that had been said against him.

Lord Glenant's delight and amusement would be in making Maggie use inappropriate language; and Maggie would use such language, when rebutting the charges against her dear friend Casimir, who lay in his bed, sometimes conscious, sometimes totally unconscious, of all that was passing around him.

Shakespeare, no doubt, was right in making his Romeo, after one failure in love, most susceptible of a new passion. But the other side of the question is true, too. There are two species of mankind—the one to whom past love opens new love, and the other to whom past love shuts up all the avenues of love. Lord Glenant was of the former species: Lord Lochawe of the latter. It is a strange thing to say, but the business-like Earl was of a far more romantic nature than his son. The Earl had loved but once; and all his thoughts of womankind were full of "her untried perfections," so that he could admit no other woman into that sanctuary of his soul.

Lord Glenant was entirely cured of his love for Ruth Sumner—cured by despair. He had

thoroughly recognized the hopelessness of his suit in that quarter: he saw that even if there had been no such person as Casimir Maremma, he (Lord Glenant) might have won the hand of Ruth; but never would have won the utmost love which she was capable of feeling. His heart had, as it were, been opened to all soft affections by this love; but was no longer engaged by it, even if it had ever been really so engaged.

He was now domiciled with a young woman of a very different nature and character from any that he had hitherto seen; and any bystander might at once have perceived that there was great danger for Glenant's peace of mind in this familiar intercourse, of which danger Glenant himself had at first not the faintest suspicion.

The two young people were left, for the most part, quite alone together. Mr. Thurston was ill; Ruth Sumner could not, under the circumstances, come to Casimir's lodgings; and Lord Lochawe came but rarely. When he did come, Maggie made herself scarce, for she was ter-

ribly afraid of the old Lord, who, she perceived, had caused Casimir so much fear and annoyance in the interview she had witnessed between them.

As Maggie Lauder will unavoidably play a considerable part in this story, it is desirable to describe her much more accurately and precisely than has yet been done. We have hitherto only seen the poor, neglected, ill-used girl, flying from the ill-treatment of her relations to the friendly protection of the only human being who had ever treated her kindly, and pitied her. But she was a woman of a rare character, and such as is well worth describing, and even studying.

It is, in general, a great difficulty, and one which is rarely overcome, to describe the personal appearance of any human being. You may see this every day. You labour at a personal description, and think that you must have attained to some success; but when the person to whom you have made your description sees the individual whom you have described, you

generally find that your description is considered to have been very imperfect, and even deceptive.

Nevertheless, I shall try to give some traits of personal description, in addition to those which have been already given, of Maggie.

She was a little woman, with small feet and soft, small hands, which, strange to say, had not been much spoilt by work.

The smallness of her feet and hands will, perhaps, be accounted for hereafter. She was not what might be called, delicately framed; and you could foresee that in middle life, if life went well with her, she would become one of those dames described as, "fair, fat, and forty." Not, by the way, that she would ever be fair, for her complexion was of the uniformly rich tint of a brunette. When she blushed, which she did frequently and upon very slight provocation, the warm colour of the countenance merely deepened into a richer hue.

When she moved about, she did so with great rapidity, nearly twice as fast as other people; but yet these rapid movements were far from ungraceful.

I have said that her eyes were, like those of the Limerick lasses, which are, perhaps, the most beautiful eyes in the world; but I have hitherto said nothing about the lower part of her face. The great man who has written about physiognomy — the only man who has ever written anything about physiognomy much worth reading, as far as I know—Lavater, after dwelling upon the other parts of the human countenance, comes to speak of the mouth. Whereupon he falls, or rather, mounts, into a rhapsody upon that "divine feature," as he calls it. "Who shall dare to describe its beauties or its significance." He feels it to be *the* feature of the human face. Now, Maggie had a most remarkable mouth. The upper lip was all that a painter or a sculptor would have wished it to be, with two most exquisite curves in it, a thing of perfect beauty. The lower lip was rather heavy, and what might be called, speaking euphemistically, sensuous. There were many dimples, those pitfalls of seducing beauty, in close proximity to this pretty mouth.

I must tell the exact truth, and must confess that, when Maggie laughed, it was a laugh that was rather loud, and hearty, and over-genial. It was not the laugh of a very refined person. The whole look of the face, the first expression that caught your attention, was one of beseechingness. This probably arose from the sufferings and ill-treatment she had undergone, so that the prevailing expression in her face seemed to say, "Do not scold me, do not beat me, for I would do anything to please you, and avert your anger."

I have now done my best to describe the personal appearance of this very winning girl. It remains to endeavour to describe her character. The first thing that occurs to me to say is, that she was eminently receptive—perhaps the most winning characteristic that can be told of man or woman. Very different from Ruth Sumner, who was of a much higher and much more determined character, Maggie Lauder sympathized with everybody. Nothing appeared frivolous to her (by the way, at this time, she would not have understood the meaning of the word frivolous), that others cared about. If she had been born

and bred in a higher sphere of life, she would never have been fastidious. Her geniality would have overcome all fastidiousness.

She was not witty, like Lady Alice, but she had a great deal of drollery about her—there, again, the result of her Irish ancestry—and she was easily amused by a rougher kind of play and fun than would ever have suited Lady Alice or Ruth Sumner.

Maggie, though finding no sympathy in her own family, had not been without love in that wretched quarter where she had lived. The loveable person is always found out. The children there doated upon Maggie; and one of the complaints that her coarse brothers and her fierce sister-in-law had been wont to make of her was, that there was always "a heap of brats after Maggie," and that the place was "alive with them."

Her abilities, as will be seen, were of the highest order. I mean her power of acquiring knowledge or of understanding anything that was well put before her.

Such a person, as I have above described, was Maggie Lauder; and everybody must own that she was a very dangerous young person to be domiciled with such a man as Lord Glenant, especially in the present state of his mind, pining, as he was, for affection, and mortified by a refusal.

Enter any great public library—that of Rome, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, London—and contemplate the wonderful, the colossal industry and ingenuity of the toilful human beings who have written the innumerable tomes which crowd the shelves of any such library! It seems to you as if there must have been a vast diversity of subjects to have occupied the laborious minds of those people who have written all these volumes. But it is not so. After close examination you will find that there are but three or four subjects chiefly treated of. The three most prominent are love, theology, and medicine (law and language occupy a second place). And, notwithstanding all that has been written on these three main subjects, they are not by any

means exhausted. Indeed, after all these thousands of years, they are only beginning to be discussed. If you read what you call, "a trashy story of fiction," you will probably find that the writer has had some new experience in love, and will be able to tell you something new about it, something not quite like what anybody else has ever told before. And here I will venture to say my little say—"A poor thing, Sir, but mine own"—and that is, that people are loved for their deficiencies, their weaknesses, their foibles, even for their errors and their sins, as much as for their merits. It is fortunate for such a poor, and erring creature, as man or woman is, that it is so.

This remark applies closely to the present case; for Maggie became attractive to Lord Glenant as much on account of her ignorance as on account of any of the great qualities which, as I have just shown, were inherent in her.

It would be useless to attempt to disguise from the reader the effect which being domiciled with Maggie Lauder produced upon Lord Glenant. He was, at first, attracted by her *naiveté*, and, if

we may say so, by the peculiarity of her character. Afterwards, he became much interested in her; and finally, he fell wildly, madly, in love with her.

As to Maggie's feelings, they were very strange and perplexed. She hated Lord Glenant for speaking against her much-honoured Casimir; and yet she liked Lord Glenant for himself.

Lord Glenant's attachment to Maggie may seem a very sudden thing; and such as argued much levity on his part. But, really, it was not so. The greater part of mankind have fallen in love, with much less acquaintance with the ladies of their love, than Glenant had formed with Maggie in Casimir's sick room. At first he had only been amused with Maggie, and had made the dull hours pass more pleasantly by teasing her. But, gradually, he had begun to perceive the innate worth, nobleness, and originality of the girl. When they talked together now, it was not always upon light and trivial topics; and Glenant found, to his astonishment, that about this world and the next, Maggie's views and his own

were in wonderful accord, only that she had an amount of hope, belief, and enthusiasm, which was unknown to him. Glenant found himself in the position, very strange to him, of being a tutor, and even of explaining to Maggie the doctrines of theology, which her untutored mind had never heard before, though she had been a vigorous believer in a natural religion which she had formed for herself.

One of the things which immensely delighted him in Maggie was her overflowing vitality. She was never tired, either physically or intellectually; and, when once engaged in discussion, Glenant found that Maggie's interest in the subjects discussed, and her passionate desire to understand and master everything he talked to her about, never flagged. To use a strong, but not wholly inappropriate metaphor, he bathed, as it were, in the fresh flowing waters of an intelligence which was ever renewed by an exceeding desire to know all that ever had been, or could be, known. For the first time in his life, Glenant perceived what a grand thing it would

be if the poor were educated, for there might be many Maggies among them—though, of course, none quite equal to his Maggie.

Maggie, on the other hand, was not so much attracted by Glenant. The habit of mockery, what the French call *persiflage*, which had become almost a second nature with him, was eminently distasteful to her; and he committed the great error, in dealing with such a mind as that of Maggie, of never talking quite seriously about serious matters.

Still, their amity was such as to give Glenant much hope and much encouragement that he would, ultimately, win her love.

It must not be supposed that Lord Glenant did not struggle against the love, which he felt was overcoming him, for Maggie Lauder. No one of the readers of this story, nor the relator of it, could be more aware than was Lord Glenant, a man of the world, of the inappropriateness—of the almost absurdity—of his falling in love with such a girl as Maggie. But the reality of the thing was too strong for all his pre-conceived

ideas of the necessity of equality in rank, position, and education, of people who should wisely love one another. It may be thought a creditable thing to Lord Glenant, that he never dreamt of anything but marriage as a means of uniting himself to Maggie. Say what we may about that queer tyrant, Henry VIII. it is always a credit to him that he wished to marry those whom he loved. No man who ever loved with real, profound love—with the utmost love of which his nature is capable—ever wished to seduce the woman whom he loved; that is, if he had the power to marry her. For love of this deep kind contemplates the whole life; and the idea of the possibility of ever being separated from the person loved is so repulsive that it cannot be allowed to enter into the contemplation.

It was impossible for those who knew him (and those who knew him, mostly loved him) to consider Lord Glenant's position at this period without great pain. It was not that they pitied him because his love was unfortunate as regards the inferior matters of education and position of

the person he loved, but because they saw that he had again fixed his heart, and this time irrevocably, upon a woman whom he might never win. One longed to tell him, but one cannot alter a man at once by a little bit of advice, that he must make himself a different man from what he was in order to win the love of this radiant and beautiful girl. His rank and station would have no particular influence with her, to whom the humblest and poorest gentleman would have been far superior in rank and station; and, therefore, his only chance depended upon his personal qualities being such as would secure the affection of a girl so original in mind and nature as Maggie Lauder.

Lord Glenant did not see this. He thought that his difficulty would not be so great with Maggie herself as with his father and his own family; and it was to that branch of the difficulty that he gave his most anxious thought and attention.

Chapter XVI.

LORD LOCHAWE PERPLEXED.

LORD GLENANT resolved to have a most serious conversation with his father.

Accordingly he had the audacity to make his way into the study, and to interrupt the Earl in the midst of business.

"Well, my lord," he said, "I have come to talk to you this morning."

"Thank you, Glenant. I am always glad to see you; but I am very busy just now. The Irish affairs are all-absorbing. I really do not know what we shall do."

"My dear father, these Irish affairs, as you call them, will be all-absorbing for the next fifty years; but your son's affairs will be finished

before that time. I want to have a most serious talk with you."

"Proceed, Ronald; your father is always ready to listen to you."

"I want to make a bargain with you, father."

Now Lord Lochawe had mostly found that these bargains were about horses. Lord Lochawe was a great breeder of horses at an estate which he had in Yorkshire.

"Well, Ronald, you always cheat me, as a son generally does his father; but I can't let you have both the horses that have come up from Latimers."

"It's about a much more difficult and delicate matter than horse-dealing, that I want to talk to you, father. I have been a great trouble to you, have I not?"

"Oh, my dear boy, not more than other sons to other fathers."

"But I want to make a bargain with you which will be more important to your happiness, than the settlement, however prosperous, of Irish affairs. I love a young woman."

"I believe, Glenant, that this is not the first time (would that it had been!) that this remarkable phenomenon has occurred."

"But I love her very dearly, my dear father."

"Yes, my dear Glenant," said the Earl drily, "I believe this too has occurred before."

"As I said, I have been a great trouble to you."

"I would not wish to contradict you rudely, my dear Ronald."

"I will now try to be everything you could wish: I will do anything you desire, if only you will not thwart me in this: if only, in a year's time, you will consent to my marriage with her."

"Is she a respectable young woman? Pardon me for asking such a question, Glenant, but your conduct has made it necessary. In a word, is she virtuous?"

"She is."

"I suppose she is poor?"

"She is."

"I suppose she is of humble parentage, or you would not make this mystery about her, and insist upon this bargain?"

"She is."

"Give me ten minutes, Glenant. Take yourself from the room; and, when you return, I will give you an answer."

Lord Glenant quitted the room. Never was there a father in greater perplexity than poor Lord Lochawe. Though somewhat of a pedant, he was a man of the world. Hardly any man becomes a minister in this country who is not considerably above the average of his fellow-men. He said to himself, "This is probably a last chance for Glenant. The boy will be true to his bargain if I once close with him; but what a fearful price it is to pay. Still there is time in my favour. He does not ask for an immediate consent. He must fulfil his part of the bargain before I fulfil mine. I had better not enquire too much about her. It will be too dreadful: some ballet-girl, perhaps. There is a terrible amount of romance in all the Lochawes. If Gertrude had been a ballet-girl, should I not have loved her just as much? Selden was very wise when he said, that, of all things which concern a man,

his marriage it is which concerns himself most; and yet it is the thing which other people think they have most right to interfere in.

"But then he was not the Earl of Selden. The world would never forgive this folly of Glenant's; still it is, perhaps, the boy's only chance. I almost think I'll risk it. What does he want this year for? Is it that she may be educated?"

Here Lord Glenant entered, and interrupted the Earl's meditations.

"Though poor, and of humble parentage, she is, doubtless, well educated, Glenant."

"She is not."

The Earl was convinced that he was right, and that time would assuredly be wanted before Glenant could venture to bring the matter before him formally. The old have great faith in the effect of time. Give us time on our side, they say to themselves, and we can do anything.

Another idea now struck the Earl. Perhaps Glenant might be refused; perhaps this important preliminary of acceptance had not been settled. He would find out that.

"I suppose, Glenant, you are sure that the young lady" (Glenant could hardly help smiling at the words "the young lady") "reciprocates your affection. You are sure of that?"

"No, sir; would that I were!"

Lord Lochawe felt no further hesitation. "I will agree to the bargain," he said, "Glenant. I will not interrupt your happiness in any way. And to show you how thoroughly I mean that we should both abide by it, I will request you at once to enter into official harness, and to be an assistant private secretary to your father. You must, in that capacity, read and annotate these pamphlets on the Irish Church Question, which I foresee will soon be the great question of the day. I should wish you also to read the Strafford Correspondence. Here is the volume which I should wish you first to master. You will come every morning at eleven o'clock and receive my orders."

Lord Glenant, who was very affectionate and very childish in some of his ways, put his arms round his father's neck (he was standing behind

his father's chair) and pressed the Earl affectionately. The Earl felt the tears rise to his eyes, but he merely placed his hands upon his son's, "It is a bargain to be faithfully kept, my dear boy, by both of us—a somewhat severe bargain for me, Glenant."

"Not so, my dear father, when you shall come to know her." Hereupon Lord Glenant left the room, fearing lest, if he stayed, any further conditions should be named. And the Earl resumed his work.

Perhaps there never was a stranger interview between a father and a son; but a vein of eccentricity ran through the Lochawes, and was perhaps the cause of their greatness in the world, at any rate, of that of their ancestors.

The founders of great families are generally eccentric personages.

Chapter XVII.

RUTH'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

"THERE are two things which surprise me," said Goëthe, "the immensity of the Universe of Stars, and the sense of right and wrong in Man." There is a thing which has always surprised me much more; and that is, the power of endurance in man and woman—the immense capacity for bearing continuously, and for a long period, the most vast and complicated misery. Think, too, what a delicate creature, both in body and in mind, even the roughest of the species is—and then, moreover, what the most refined have often had to go through. Picture to yourself the martyr for religious opinions, lying crushed and maimed in some wretched dungeon, waiting for the next inquiry

into his religious faith, and resolving amidst all his misery, not to abandon his cherished opinion about matters which he could not possibly understand. You hear people say, in these comparatively soft and degenerate days, "I could not have borne this: I could not have been a martyr." But they are mistaken, they could and would bear all that their ancestors have borne.

Then think of the man who is suffering from remorse, and yet has to go through life with an apparently unruffled front, and to behave himself just like other men.

The sufferings that Ruth Sumner endured at this time were not light; and it was the sense of those sufferings which made me think of the sufferings of mankind in general.

After Ruth had gone through her memorable interview with Maggie at the bedside of Casimir, it came upon her by reflection that there must be some great mistake about the supposed relation of Maggie to Casimir. Ruth said to herself, the girl cannot seem so innocent, and yet be so wicked. Besides, Ruth knew well, though Casimir had not

said a word of love to her, that he was disposed to be enamoured of herself.

The whole affair was soon cleared up when Lord Glenant came to assist, as joint-nurse with Maggie, at the bedside of the sufferer. The true state of affairs was told to Lord Lochawe, to Maggie, and to the family. Lady Alice was the only person who still blamed Casimir. Ruth could almost have been contented not to have been undeceived. She could better have borne to think of Casimir as unworthy of her love, than to have known that he was as worthy of it as ever; to have been aware, for now she fully knew her own heart, that she loved him devotedly; and to be compelled by stern duty to suppress that love, both in him and her, for the sake of his future fortunes. Ruth said to herself, "All is altered now. The ruin of his father makes it necessary, for his great purposes, that he should attain a fortune in marriage. And he must marry Alice. Her whole mind was set upon this project. She must disgust him with herself (this was the most cruel part of her project). She must

make Alice attractive to him; and must reinstate him in Alice's favour.

I suppose it has occurred to most persons, when hearing of any great action, to think whether they could do a similar thing themselves. You ask yourself, could you give up Empire, as Constantine did to Nicholas, and be the subject, where you might have been the sovereign? You think you could; and I agree with you.

You ask yourself could you give up reputation—that is, do a thing of much worth and merit, and let any one else get the credit for it? You think you could; and I agree with you.

You ask yourself, could you give up an opinion—a cherished opinion—for the sake of conjoint action with a political party, or from a respect and belief in a greater mind than your own? You think you could; and I agree with you.

But to give up one's lover—we all hesitate about that. There is but little compensation to reward one for such an act of self-sacrifice. There is no sense of grandeur to sustain one; no pity, no admiration, to be had; and vanity, the

kindest and the most surely present of all consolers, fails to soothe one in this extremity.

And yet there are many persons who have done this great thing; and now Ruth was to do it—and not only to give up passively, but actively to lead herself to the altar of sacrifice, and to be both priest and victim.

Depend upon it, this is the most unbounded form of heroic self-denial that is ever practised in the world.

Count Casimir, though he had not yet recovered his eyesight, was sufficiently cured of the injuries he had received, to leave his room, and to become again a welcome visitor at the house of Lord Lochawe. The old Earl was more than ever fond of him, and attentive to him, being anxious to compensate for the unkindness which he had shown him, and the injustice which he had done him, when under the influence of injurious suspicion. Lady Alice, on the other hand, was rather cold; and, though sometimes giving way to pity, had an injured air. Ruth felt that it was not sufficient for her to be cold

and repulsive, but that she must contrive to imbue the young Count with a mean opinion of herself. She accordingly took up the line of being a dependant whose sole aim it was to gain something from the relatives with whom she lived. She even went so far, though her soul revolted at the deceit, as to intimate to him, when she was alone with him, that she looked forward when she should marry, to some gratification for the services which she had rendered to Lord Lochawe.

But one of the most remarkable things in love is, that, after the love has been once well set, as it were, it is very difficult, by any amount of *malfaisance*, to uproot the love. Everything that is said or done by the beloved person is seen through a softening haze of affection which destroys or veils the sharp and unpleasant outlines of the object looked at.

The young Count thought that it was rather base in Ruth to look for reward for her services to her kinsman, the Earl, or rather that it would have been base in any other person; but was not

so in her who had been a dependant from her earliest years. Indeed it was, perhaps, a merit, showing the practical nature of her mind, and convincing him what a useful person she would be as a partner in any practical enterprise. For he was more bent than ever upon his great scheme of emigration to South America.

This plan, therefore, of Ruth's failed; but she had other arrows in her quiver. She began to show him how set she was upon making a good marriage—that is, a worldly marriage. This had more effect; but not all the effect she could have wished.

It has been mentioned that Ruth was a great musician. Now, the only thing that ever diverted Count Casimir from his laborious and anxious thoughts, was music. The fond girl, though she had formerly delighted in playing to him, resolved to prevent herself from doing so for the future. One night after she had, in vain, used her utmost efforts to disgust him with her views of life, she was in her bedroom meditating what could next be done to diminish his affection for her, and to turn his affection towards his cousin, Lady Alice.

She resolved to prevent herself from being able to play to him for the future. She struck her arm violently against a marble table, and gave herself so severe an injury that it really was impossible for her to play to him for some time.

The next day he happened to bring a piece of music which he had composed during his weary hours in bed at his lodgings, and which, with the aid of Lord Glenant, whose chief knowledge was musical, he had contrived to set down in writing. The two girls were together in Lady Alice's boudoir when Count Casimir was led into it. With all the modesty, yet with all the anxiety, of a young author, he began to tell them of the "poor thing" which he had composed; and he asked Ruth to condescend to try it. She, of course, pleaded her inability, having, as she said, stupidly injured her wrist the preceding evening, and showing Alice the injury. He then asked Lady Alice.

Lady Alice, though reluctantly, was about to make the attempt when Ruth darted from the other end of the room, snatched the music out

of her hand, and said, most emphatically, "No, you shall not play it, Alice." It would be more than the poor girl could bear, to hear her rival play that which it would have been such a delight to her to render.

For a moment she stood aghast, thinking how absurd her conduct must appear, and how utterly she must have betrayed her feelings; but her good genius came to her aid. Women are seldom so utterly lost from want of tact as men. She burst into a loud laugh, of which her companions did not perceive the falseness, and then said, "You must not minister to his vanity, dear Alice; with your fine playing you will almost convince our cousin that he is a Beethoven, or a Mozart. Whereas, it is, I see, but a parody upon a well-known melody."

Here, falsifying the music, she hummed something which much resembled a well-known air. "What would Lord Lochawe say," she exclaimed, "if he knew that our serious cousin, instead of studying Blue books, gave his time to mere imitations of this kind. Don't think it unkind of me, Casimir, that I try to repress your

nascent genius." Here she spoke most sneeringly.

But the young Count did think it most unkind; and for the first time, for some months, his love for Ruth Sumner began to falter.

"If she thought it, she need not have said it," he exclaimed to himself.

Lady Alice, on the contrary, feeling keenly for her cousin, for she was a most kind-hearted person, maintained that the melody was a most original melody, and persevered in playing it, notwithstanding Ruth's disparaging comments while the music was going on.

Count Casimir was led away, half-disenchanted from his former love; while Ruth, having received a severe scolding from her cousin Alice, for her unkindness, went to her own room to indulge in an agony of grief.

And this was the first breach of love between a young man and a young woman who were made for one another, and whom prosperity, a far more dangerous disseverer than adversity, would never have dissevered.

Chapter XVIII.

THE OLD COUNT'S DANGER.

THERE is no relationship so variable in its intensity as that of father and son, especially as regards the feeling of the son towards the father. Sometimes this feeling is absolutely one of dislike, sometimes of indifference, sometimes of respectful affectionateness, and sometimes of passionate devotion. A father's position is very difficult: at the same time it is one which has great advantages. It may be observed that a boy, or a youth, is exceedingly devoted to the first grown-up man who takes him in hand, as it were, and treats him as one who is about to enter into his own class—the class of men. Sometimes this is done by an elder brother, by an elder school-boy, or by a young uncle;

but it comes with especial graciousness and pleasantness when it is done by a father. Such judicious kindness is never forgotten.

Now the relation between Casimir and his father had always been of the most intimate and affectionate kind. The old Count had been playmate, and friend,—part tutor, and whole confidant,—of his son. The danger which now threatened his father sat upon Count Casimir as a nightmare. The passionate desire which the young man had to be with his father at the present juncture, and to aid in his escape, greatly retarded his own recovery. The skilful surgeon who had attended Casimir from the first, now told Lord Lochawe that he could do no more for Count Casimir; that his skill was baffled; and that the state of the young man's mind rendered him, the surgeon, almost despondent about the young man's ultimate recovery of eyesight.

Ruth Sumner did not immediately know this; or, notwithstanding her determined purpose to make herself unloved by Casimir, she could hardly have had the heart to do what she did.

She resolved to clench the disgust and disapprobation which she perceived were beginning to come over Casimir's mind with regard to herself, by speaking lightly of his father's troubles, and especially by blaming, in a hard and unsympathetic way, the error which the old Count had committed in giving needless offence to his government. It is probable that nothing else could have succeeded in alienating her lover. But, by doing this, she attained a certain success. And when she saw that she was to some extent successful, her anguish was very great. We often do or say things, doing them with all our might, or saying them with all sincerity and earnestness, which, after all, we have a secret hope—a hope that we hardly allow ourselves to recognise—will not be successful. We take a part against ourselves manfully, or as I might say in this case, womanfully; but, all the time, we have a distant hope that our generosity may not be taken in serious part against ourselves.

Such is the pleasure which surgeons, happily for us, take in skilful operations that one can

imagine (if such a thing were possible) that a surgeon, operating upon himself, might so enjoy the skill as to be unperceptive of, or indifferent to, the agony. But, in such cases as I have just been describing, the generous man or woman is but little consoled by the skill exhibited by himself, or herself, as the operator, for the pain endured in the operation.

Moreover, Ruth's success in this instance, was only partial. She succeeded in partially alienating her lover from herself: she did not succeed in deepening his affection for his cousin, Lady Alice. And, as before intimated, Lady Alice regarded Casimir less favourably than she had ever done. The truth is, that, though very amiable and affectionate, she was a somewhat jealous young lady. She had been accustomed to undivided sway. This little episode of Maggie's flight to Count Casimir's protection, though now perfectly understood by Ruth, by Lord Lochawe, by Lord Glenant, and by Mr. Thurston, was not understood by, and was not satisfactory to, Cousin Alice.

Then, too, Casimir was not like his former self. His Sclavonian politeness and courtesy had been a little rubbed off by misfortune. Now he was often peevish, sometimes exacting, almost always discontented. His mortification was very great at finding how unsuccessful he had been in his attempt to fraternize with working-people. Even Maggie's devotion to him was not altogether pleasant, and he felt the ridicule of it. Then there was ever in his mind his distress about his father. He could not aid that dear father in the extremity of his peril. This enforced inactivity preyed upon Casimir's mind. Lastly, came his disappointment about Ruth. He began to be very bitter and cynical. He even put down Lord Lochawe, who bore with the young man's fretfulness with a degree of gentleness and patience that astonished all his family. As for Lord Glenant, Casimir was most intolerant to him, and was angry that his intolerance met with no response from the young Lord. The young Count even sneered at Mr. Thurston's theories: and when in company with the girls, he took no

pains to disguise his cynical displeasure with all earthly things and people. In short, I am sorry to say, that my hero, at this time, was eminently disagreeable.

Ruth loved him the more for all this. It was like balm in Gilead to her soul to think that some part of this misery of Count Casimir, so openly displayed, was owing to her tacit rejection of him. The more cross and more unreasonable he was, the more she loved him. When he came to see them in Lady Alice's boudoir, it was always darkened. Lady Alice looked upon these visits as so much penance. She bore with him most affectionately, most kindly, in a most sisterly manner: but everything like love for him was vanishing from her heart. To Ruth, on the contrary, these visits amidst darkness were, in a certain sense, delightful. She could hover about him and be near him, comparatively unperceived. She could pay him a thousand attentions without betraying her affection. She could cry in pity for him without her tears being known to him or to any other person. In a word,

she could indulge in all the intensity of her love; and yet, merely by the coldness of her words, and the harsh intonations of her voice (for the voice is a thing which one can control) maintain the deception fully.

They were sitting, one afternoon, in the darkened room; and Casimir had brought them a letter to read which gave sure intelligence about his father. It was with a feeling of infinite regret, and yet, with a due fulfilment of her purpose, that Ruth took care that the reading of this letter should be entrusted to Lady Alice. Ruth herself would have given worlds to read it, in order that she might have modified it in the reading, and broken to some extent, the sadness of the contents which she supposed it to contain. But the intelligence, though of a very critical kind, was not sad. It appeared that the old Count and his companions had reached in safety a small town near the Russian frontier. There, for the present they must stay disguised, until some means could be devised for prosecuting their further journey. How they were to obtain

passports, how they were to traverse that vast empire of Russia, were questions of the utmost difficulty. The greatest skill and the greatest influence would be required. It was mentioned that the old Count was in a most desponding state of mind, and was even inclined to return home and give himself up to the Authorities. The letter had been written by the doctor of the town, who had been called in to attend the old Count, who was suffering much from the hurried journey. Doctors are the confessors of modern times, at least to the Protestant part of the population of the world: and the good man had, as was manifest from certain expressions in the letter, run the greatest risk from his befriending the fugitives; and, indeed, this letter was not written without great hazard of his compromising himself with his Government.

One ray of hope he held out. He wished the Count's son and his friends in England to be assured that he would not suffer the Count to return to his own estate; but would, by some device, medical or otherwise, contrive to keep

him and the other fugitives there, until he should hear from these friends in England.

The reading of the conclusion of the letter was interrupted by the sobbing of the young Count. He had always prided himself upon his stoical nature, and had boasted that though only half an Englishman by birth, he was more English than the English, and that no emotion could conquer him. But, now, he fairly broke down. He rose from his chair, and walked about the room, with long strides, exclaiming, "My father, my dear father: good God! that your son should not be with you at such a time! Not one word from me to comfort you; from me, who would die for you."

In his impetuous movements he had dashed his head against the frame of a picture that hung low down.

Whose hand was it that took hold of his; whose hand was it that led him in silence to his chair; who was it that stood behind him, gently stroking his forehead, and who was it that, in the darkness, leaned fondly over him, and seemed as if she would kiss him?

Need we say that it was Ruth? and need we say what a pang it added to her misery, that, while he pressed her hand, and afterwards raised it to his lips, he should say, "Dear Alice, how kind of you! I shall never forget your kindness?"

Lord Lochawe was sent for from his study; and Lord Glenant came with him, for the young man was now a most dutiful and zealous private secretary; and, with great pains, accompanied by the utterance of many words that would be fineable if uttered in the hearing of a magistrate, had mastered the contents of three Blue Books. He was in the highest favour with his father, who, as he told his political friends, thought now that he should "make a man of Glenant."

The letter was read again, interrupted by many sighs and groans from poor Casimir. Lord Lochawe was, in his way, equal to the occasion. He proposed to go instantly to his particular friend, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He would take Glenant with him. Nothing now was to be done by the Earl without his son being brought

into it. But the good Earl was destined to find that affairs would take a very different turn from that which he had at first supposed.

For a minute or two, there was silence; and nobody ventured to reply to the Earl. At length a voice, broken by emotion, was heard to say, "If you would let me, I would go to Count Maremma. You know, Lord Lochawe, you always allowed me to manage in the journeys we have taken. Besides, the Count is ill, and it is a woman who should go to take care of him."

"What, you, Ruth! absurd, impossible; I wonder what the girl can be thinking of!"

It may be imagined the astonishment with which Count Casimir heard Ruth — cold, hard, wise Ruth—who loved him not, make this extraordinary proposition. Still he thought it was not love, but only that judicious, regulated benevolence which Ruth showed to every human being, and, indeed, to every animal. Notwithstanding this involuntary depreciation of her motives, Casimir was infinitely touched by her kindness. "Ruth," he said, "come here." He

seized her hand, and raised it to his lips, and the strange thought came over him that this was a hand which he had already kissed that day.

Lord Glenant now spoke. "My dear father," he said, "Ruth is right. Ruth is always right. Ruth must go, and I must go too; and I will be her squire. Ruth knows that I will take every care of her. We will both go; and we will bring back your old friend, Count Maremma."

Lord Glenant, as my readers must have perceived, was a most generous man. There are few rejected lovers who like to forward the love of their former loves; but Lord Glenant, understanding the whole affair better than either of the lovers, appreciated the devotion of the girl, and determined to do what he could, to assist Ruth in her generous resolve.

Casimir said nothing. He was almost bereft of speech by the kindness of the young man whom he had never fully appreciated, and of the young woman who, he thought, did not love him.

As for Lord Lochawe, he was easily per-

suaded by the entreaties of his family, and by his love for Casimir, to consent to the plan. The good Earl's only comfort was that he would take his son with him to the Foreign Secretary; would have an opportunity of showing what a first-rate man of business the young man was; and, in consenting to this arrangement, he felt that he would be employing Glenant in an enterprise that would be sure to redound to his credit.

The family conclave was broken up, the necessary determination having been taken. Lord Lochawe was not a man to recede from his word, when he had once given it, whatever that word might cost him.

Chapter XIX.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY.

WHAT a man he must have been who invented whist? What a knowledge of life he must have had! The man, too, who invented chess must have been a great man. But he knew, comparatively speaking, much less of life than his brother inventor. He made all his pieces range in due subordination, and never varied the power which he had once given to them. He was, no doubt, a first-rate man of business; but the inventor of whist was a man of genius, for he invented trumps, and saw that there were occasions when a small two or three in one suit would be superior to a King or Queen in another. That is the case in human life; and good illustrations of it may be found every day.

It was quite true, for instance, as Ruth had said, that during their foreign travel, not unassisted by potent introductions, by couriers, and all the aids that wealth and power can give, she had always been allowed to be the guiding mind of the expeditions of the Lochawe family. And even now, in the new regions they were going to penetrate, under circumstances of great difficulty and danger, Ruth was felt by Lord Glenant and even by Lord Lochawe to be the ruling mind. So much so, indeed, that even to the latter, a master of the proprieties, it never occurred that there was something startling in the fact of a young woman and a young man, not brother and sister, undertaking this journey together. Lord Lochawe, of course, knew nothing about his son's suit to Ruth, and its ill success.

The family council having broken up, as narrated in the preceding chapter, the girls were left alone together.

"Be kind to Casimir, be very kind to him," said Ruth, "when I am gone. I know it is not

always easy for you to bear with him: he is dispirited, he is soured, he is almost broken-hearted."

"My dearest Ruth, you know I will be kind to him; I will bear everything, even when he speaks of us women, as he has the habit of doing now, as the lowest creatures in creation. I can't think what makes him so especially bitter against women. Perhaps he is disappointed at that poor creature, that Maggie, not being in love with him, for Glenant tells me she is not, and that she never was."

"How can you talk in this way, Alice?"

"It is rather a shame on my part, for he was wonderfully gracious to me just now, only it was an entire mistake, for it was you, Ruth, who led him to his chair."

"Pray, my dear Alice, as you love me, never let him know that. I am sure that he has the greatest admiration for you."

"Possibly admiration, but nothing more. And now, Ruth, let us be sincere. I do not love Casimir; you do. It is no good blushing; blush-

ing never contradicts anything. For some purpose of your own, or most probably for some purpose of his, you have tried to make us love one another. You generally succeed in managing people; but it is beyond your power to effect this very undesirable arrangement. I am not so blind but that I soon discovered that this excellent device entered into your head at the moment when you found that the Maremmas were probably a ruined family."

"You are very clever, Alice, and in your indolent way you see a great deal of everything that comes within your ken."

"My dear Ruth, we are sisters, and even more to one another than many sisters are. My father loves this young man; I, too, like him greatly, but I love you; let us partake my mother's fortune, and do not let us have any more schemes for making people love one another who have no real vocation that way. What could I be to this man? only a clog and a hindrance, for I do not partake his enthusiasms—you do. Now I am not asking you to be honest without being honest

myself. I like that not very bright, but very good, very faithful, very true Charles Ashurst, better than your sublime young Count. I am not sure that I am great enough to be content to partake the love of a man for me, with his love for a theory or an idea. I should be jealous of the theory or the idea; you never would. We need say no more upon this subject, dearest Ruth, for we must now go to business, as you and my father would say, and think of the preparations for your journey. Oh, I've a great deal of my father in me, only it does not come out every day."

Ruth felt that her plan, as regards Casimir and Alice, was utterly disconcerted, and she did not a little rejoice that she could now indulge her love for Casimir and his for her, without this indulgence proving ruin to him. She rose, and, putting her arm round Lady Alice's waist, said, "But you will not tell him, dear, that it was I who led him to his chair just now. We maidens should be true to one another, and not let these absurd men know their power over us."

"I will do my best, Ruth, but we Lochawes have no especial gift for saying what is false; and if he should ask me the question plainly and directly, I am afraid I must tell him that Ruth loves him and that Alice does not."

Before the day of departure Casimir and Ruth had much talk together; not, however, of a loving, but of a business-like character. Casimir still thought that what she was about to do for him was to be attributed chiefly to motives of pity. Strange to say, however, he did not feel any painful sense of obligation to Ruth. It was pity, he said to himself; it was love of adventure; it was love of management that induced her to undertake this arduous enterprise. It could not have been Ruth who led him to his chair and bent so fondly over him. Alice, in her indolent way, was always kind, always gracious.

Casimir had many warnings, many instructions to give to Ruth respecting her enterprise. He had implored to be allowed to accompany Glenant and herself, but had ceded the point when they told him, as they were obliged to tell him, that

it would only be an additional embarrassment, an additional difficulty, to carry an almost sightless man with them. He therefore bent his mind to the consideration of the difficulties that would beset them in their enterprise. "Have you ever," he once said to Ruth, "watched an insect at a closed window endeavouring to escape into the open air? The poor thing sees nothing between it and that open air, and must be greatly astonished at finding hindrance everywhere. I feel so much even for wasps in this position, that I always come to their aid. That is what will happen to you, I fear, in the countries you will have to traverse. Your movement onwards will appear so easy, and yet will actually prove to be so difficult—that is, if there should be in the minds of the authorities the slightest suspicion of any purpose on your part unknown to them." Here he went into all manner of details, making numerous suggestions with which we need not trouble the reader. Meanwhile, however, even during the short interval which elapsed while their preparations for the journey were being made,

Casimir's health began to improve, for he felt that he was doing something to aid in his father's rescue. So closely is the mind connected with the body that, as a humourist of the present day is wont to observe, if physicians were men of great power and wealth, and could afford to confer material benefits upon their patients—to fee them, for instance, instead of receiving fees from them —they would effect a great many more cures even than they do now. And this humourist, with a delicate perception of human frailties, is wont to add that it would be the diseases of the rich which would be chiefly cured if the physician were to pay the fee instead of the patient.

Lord Glenant was, perhaps, more to be pitied than anybody else, as regards the arrangement that was made for the journey. For he had to leave Maggie. It had been agreed between Mr. Thurston and Glenant, even before Glenant's remarkable conversation with his father, that Maggie should be educated, and that Mr. Thurston should undertake the task of her education. Never was anybody more happy than Mr. Thurs-

ton at such a task being assigned to him. It would give ample scope for bringing into action some of his many theories about education. Besides, he perceived more clearly than any of them that Maggie's was a remarkable character. Amongst other things she was very devout; and Thurston, a man of many religions, spent much time in considering how she should be instructed in all knowledge, and live with comparative heathens like himself, without being disturbed in her religion.

A person who has not made much fiugre in this tale, and who, indeed, was not calculated to make much figure anywhere, was the one who at first profited most by these new arrangements. This was Charles Ashurst. A better fellow never lived, a better specimen of a downright, honest, faithful Englishman. He was at once made cognizant of all their plans; and there was a smile upon all their faces, even upon Lord Lochawe's, when Ashurst proposed to go with Lord Glenant and Ruth to Russia. They all felt that this simple-minded man would be much out of place

in such an expedition. His next overture, of which he naturally pressed the acceptance with much more earnestness, and which also brought smiles upon some of their faces, and especially upon Lady Alice's, was that, during Lord Glenant and Ruth's absence, he should take their places with Lord Lochawe.

The Earl, with his usual good nature, assented to this arrangement, though he was quite alive to the full absurdity of this somewhat commonplace young man endeavouring to be a substitute for two such clever people as Glenant and Ruth Sumner. They all, however, underrated Ashurst.

The witty Lady Alice said afterwards to Ruth, "Jacob, my dear, served many years for Rachel; but then you see he understood kine, and poor Charles would be better suited for Jacob's place than for that of private secretary, both masculine and feminine, to our good father. I see that I shall have to become a woman of business in your absence, for I shall have a great deal of Charles Ashurst's work to do. Indeed, dear Ruth, I am not sure that I am not a greater

heroine than you are. The stay-at-home heroines have often harder work upon their hands than the gad-about ones. I shall have to keep Casimir in good humour (no easy task just now), and my father in good humour; and I shall have Charles Ashurst's stupidity to turn into cleverness; and, in fact, there will not be a busier mortal than I shall be during your absence: and I don't like work, as you know, dear. Think of me sometimes, and don't expect many letters from me. Don't look so unhappy. Yes, yes, I will write and tell you all about your dear Casimir."

Chapter XX.

RUTH IN A NEW CHARACTER.

BEFORE, however, Lord Glenant and Ruth Sumner could commence their journey they had much to think of and much to prepare. The chief part of the thinking was done by Ruth Sumner, while Lord Glenant busied himself in the material preparations for the journey. Ruth, quite unconscious that she was doing what Julius Cæsar would have recommended her to do, was imagining all the adverse circumstances through which she might have to pass, and thereby deserving some of the praise which Cæsar, in his "Commentaries," bestows upon one of his officers for having exercised his imagination in a similar manner.

Ruth was well aware that any plan for the

escape of the old Count and his companions must be devised by her. She knew that the Lochawes, though endowed with many gifts, were somewhat deficient in imagination. Her own imaginative power had come, strange to say, from her father, the dissenting minister. The old Earl had none of that useful commodity. Had he possessed any of it, he would not have been merely a second-rate politician; but, with his knowledge, industry, devotedness to the public service, and power of speaking, would have been one of the leading statesmen of the day. Ruth Sumner had not been Lord Glenant's "little mother," when they were boy and girl together, without having thoroughly mastered his character. She knew that he was capable of executing anything; that he had great readiness, great self-reliance, and much versatility, but that he was as incapable as his father of foreseeing difficulties, and devising the means of overcoming them. The planning must rest with her. When the time for action should come, Lord Glenant must take the lead, for he was one of

those persons who know not what it is to be timid when they have a clear course of action laid down for them. When that time should come, she would surrender the reins to him, and would be perfectly dutiful and obedient to his guidance.

To the astonishment of the whole household, and to the bewilderment of Lord Lochawe, Ruth Sumner employed most of the time which intervened between the day when, in family conclave, it was resolved that she and Lord Glenant should undertake this enterprise, and the day of their departure, in devoting herself to singing. The great Signor Ferrari was with her for several hours every day; and her companion in these musical exercises was Miss Danvers, a young lady who had, almost suddenly, risen into great reputation in the musical world, and for whose services the managers of the principal theatres in Europe were then contending. Between these two girls, who had been fellow pupils in the same singing class, there had long been a warm and firm friendship, notwithstanding that they

had been rivals in the class-room, having somewhat of the same quality of voice.

It did not, however, surprise the family that, at this juncture, Ruth should attach herself so closely to Miss Danvers, because there was a strong rumour at this time, that the manager of the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg had distanced his competitors, and had succeeded in securing the services of Miss Danvers for his theatre. It was natural, therefore, that Ruth Sumner should be much with her friend, as they were probably going to the same country, and might be of mutual aid and comfort to one another. But why should Ruth devote herself in this way to taking lessons from Signor Ferrari? Everybody knew that she was a very fine singer, for an amateur: and what did she want more? After she had done her best for the old Count and his companions, was she going, ungrateful girl, to remain in Russia, and make her reputation there as a singer by playing in some opera with Miss Danvers? "Good heavens," said Lord Lochawe to his son, when they talked over the matter, "Ruth

is not going to play the fool in this way, Glenant. I have never grudged her anything, as you know, I have ever looked upon her as a daughter: and you have always treated her as an elder sister." Here Lord Glenant winced a little, recollecting the love passages—one-sided love passages—which had occurred between them. The Earl continued, "I have made no difference in my will between her and Alice: and should make none, if either of them were to marry. Do you understand it all, Glenant? You young people understand one another, I suppose."

Lord Glenant said that he did not understand it, but that Ruth had always been a queer girl, "Very deep, you know, governor; and never imparting her secrets to anybody. Perhaps she thinks we shall all be sent to Siberia, and she intends to comfort us by her singing on the journey when we all are chained together. There is no accounting for women, my dear father; and, if we were to try and understand all their vagaries, we men should have nothing else to do, and the earth would remain untilled."

"Ah, Glenant," said the old Earl, sighing, "I wish you knew as little about them as I do. You would be a much wiser and a much better man." Lord Glenant hastened to get out of the room; for he did not like the turn which the conversation was taking. A man, who is really and devotedly in love with one woman, is not fond, at that time, of being talked of as a man of what is called "gallantry." It shocks him to be talked of in this way; and, moreover, he has a fearful feeling of what his true and only love might say, if she were to overhear this light conversation. And so the interview between the father and the son ended.

Not one of the family, not even Lady Alice, ventured to make more than a passing remark to Ruth about her present and, apparently, most inopportune mania for singing. Count Casimir alone—for love is sometimes very farsighted, as well as very blind—conjectured that there was a deep meaning in Ruth's musical mania, and that it closely concerned the principal object in view—the rescue of his father. One day, when he had

been present at a lesson, and after the Signor and Miss Danvers had left, Ruth and Casimir were alone. Casimir groped his way towards her, and she seeing this, rose from the piano and went to meet him, fearing lest he should hurt himself. He took hold of her, unintentionally, by the hand; at which the poor loving girl shivered and trembled, and manifested, as he thought, the feeling of aversion which his unintentional familiarity had occasioned. But still he contrived to keep hold of her hand, and he said, "Dear Ruth, I know this is all for my father. I do not understand your plans, but I am sure that you have plans. I am so much obliged to you. I know, of course, that it is not for me—for my sake—but from pity, and for the sake of the family, that you do all you are now doing. But I shall ever be most grateful to you."

Ruth disengaged herself from him. It was not his gratitude that she wanted; and she said, somewhat coldly, "When I undertake anything, Casimir, I always try to go through with it as well as I can. But Alice will be expecting you. I can't

think why you stayed so long with us to-day, except to mortify me by listening to my blunders and the Signor's scoldings." Here Ruth, not much given in general to mimicry, imitated the severe Signor: "It is all very well, Mees, but it is not so very well as you do think: you do so horry over that G, which should be sung *sostenuto*, and zen you do make up for it by being so heavy and so long over ze B in alto, wiz your mouse open, juss so. She shall do it; for, *per Bacco*, she shall do it much better as you: but you are both good little signoras and very much a credit to me."

Casimir could not but laugh; and was especially amused at seeing that the grave Ruth had some of her cousin Glenant's power of mimicry. She then said, "You must condesçend to take my arm, Casimir, and we will go to Alice's boudoir. I must leave you in her keeping; for the cares of packing sit heavily upon me, and still more heavily upon Caroline, my maid."

Thus did these two, Ruth and Casimir, contrive, as many lovers have done before, most dexterously to conceal each from the other the

love which consumed the hearts of both of them; and this concealment was not broken through even when the time for parting came.

The parting also of Lord Glenant from Maggie was not more felicitous than that of Casimir from Ruth. It was very warm, and kind, and affectionate, perhaps too affectionate to be loving; but Lord Glenant, with all his knowledge of the world, did not perceive this. The truth is, that Lord Glenant was the first man who had ever said a word bordering upon love to poor Maggie. She was much astonished at it, much troubled by it, and, at the same time, very grateful for it; but there are huge gulfs and mighty *barrancas*, as the Spaniards were wont to call the chasms which they found in the New World, between the feelings of gratitude, always under due control, and the feelings of uncontrollable love.

All was now ready; and Ruth and Lord Glenant — a strange pair of fellow-travellers — commenced their journey.

Of course Ruth had a female companion. This was a middle-aged woman who had been Ruth's

nurse, and nursery-governess, having originally come from the Dissenting Minister's house to Lord Lochawe's. The irreverent Lord Glenant used to call her Muggletoniana, declaring that she belonged to that sect which takes its name from Muggleton, its founder. She now did little more than sometimes help her former pupil to dress, or nurse her when she was unwell, for Ruth was a person who took but little care of herself.

Chapter XXI.

THE NEW PRIVATE SECRETARY.

IN order to maintain clearness in this narrative it will be well to relate what happened to some of the principal personages who were left at home while the travellers, Lord Glenant and Ruth, pursued their journey through Russia to the frontier town where the old Count and his companions were being detained by the friendly doctor.

It is a curious fact, but it is, I think, an undoubted fact, that young women spell better than young men, and they also write better. Certainly they write better letters. The feminine mind does not require much material to go upon; whereas poor stupid man, if he has nothing to say, can say nothing. It was, doubtless, a

woman who first invented the horrible practice of crossing letters; and in the dread times of old, before the days of Rowland Hill, there were women who could re-cross their letters, having, moreover, nothing special to say.

Charles Ashurst entered upon his duties as assistant private secretary. Of course Lord Lochawe had an official secretary to whom he entrusted his official business; but the busy Earl, or rather the business-making Earl, had more work to do than could be entrusted to any one private secretary. Charles Ashurst worked most sedulously; but at first committed fearful blunders, especially in the way of spelling. He would write, when writing from dictation, the word committee with one m. Worse still, he would make the same error, when writing the word communicate, a word so dear to official personages, a word used many times in the day by Lord Lochawe. It was in vain that Lord Lochawe poohed, and pshawed, and pursed up his mouth, and even went so far as to sigh, and to say, "Oh, dear!" Poor Charles Ashurst con-

tinued to make sad blunders. In the heavier work, such as making a *précis*, he was much better. The truth is, that Ashurst was not at all a stupid man. He had gone through Eton and Oxford creditably enough. These errors in spelling were only made when he was writing from dictation, and when he was in terror of the Earl, who, though a most good-natured man, was very rapid, and somewhat irritable in business. Ashurst at college had been a great boating man, a captain of one of the boats, and it was the belief of the whole crew, including the clever little coxswain, that if Charlie Ashurst were to condescend to take to reading he would cut out most of the reading men of his college.

Most men are very like dogs—at least, the best kind of men are; and Ashurst certainly was like a large, good-natured, faithful dog. Not a Newfoundland, for that breed, though a very loveable one, is yet, from some incompatibility of our climate with their nature, sometimes uncertain and capricious. Not a bull dog; for,

with all our esteem for him, we cannot say that Charles Ashurst had the depth of mind and soul of a bulldog. He was more like a big, fond, faithful, mastiff.

Every day, his good qualities—his patience, his endurance of correction, his devotion to her father—endeared him more and more to Lady Alice. In fact she became very much in love with him. Then, again, his kindness and attention to Casimir, whom he supposed to be his rival, his favoured rival, with whom it would be presumptuous for him to compete, was very pleasing to Lady Alice, who, with a woman's insight, knew all that Ashurst felt about the matter. Casimir was still very feeble; and Ashurst would lift him up, and carry him about, and, indeed, devote himself to him in every way. Casimir, who, at this bitter period of his life, was not inclined to speak too well of anybody, was always praising Charlie Ashurst to Lady Alice.

Moreover, Ashurst was a great favourite with Mr. Thurston. As this is a chapter devoted to Charles Ashurst, the cause of Thurston's regard

for him may be told. While Casimir was very ill in his lodgings, there had one day been a party of his friends who sat in the room adjoining to his bedroom, and conversed in low tones. The door was ajar; and Casimir, whose hearing was singularly acute, heard all that was said. The conversation moved thereto by Lord Glenant, turned upon this point—the weariness of life; and each one present stated the reasons why he would not have his life over again.

Lord Glenant said that life was not so bad a thing, if it were not for having to go to bed and get up once in every twenty-four hours.

Then, Casimir's voice was heard to say that he wouldn't have life over again to be mixed up with such fools as it had mostly been his fate to meet with. They all smiled at the crossness of the invalid.

Then Mr. Thurston said, that the question was rather an irreverent one; that here we were on this earth, sent by God; and it was hardly right to talk of whether we would have life or not, and what were the terms upon which we

would have it. But, looking upon the whole conversation as a mere mode of enabling each man to express what he had suffered most from in life, he must say, as regards himself, it was this,—he had suffered most from reading of the miseries and sufferings of men in past times. If he could, for a moment, have the presumption to lay down the terms upon which he would have life over again, he would say, "let me know nothing of the dreadful past. My heart sinks within me when I read of what living creatures have gone through in former times,—the tortures of martyrs, the knoutings of delicate women, the roastings by fire, the buryings alive, the agonies of the rack and the wheel, the exposure of slaves in cages, the ineffable brutalities of the arena, and all the forms of mad fury which Roman emperors, and kings, and kaisers, and banditti, and pirates, and wizard-hunters, and conquerors (Assyrian, Roman, Persian, Macedonian, Swedish, French, Mahommedan) and Christian clergymen of every denomination, have wreaked upon their victims who happened to differ from them

in race, politics, or religion. You must not look upon this as a mere effeminate horror of physical suffering, though I confess to having a great horror of that when it is needless; but consider what mental agonies, these poor wretches must have gone through. Many a man has been led back to his prison-cell with more agony of mind than even of body, because his foolish tongue, which he curses, has, in the extremity of torture, been surprised into betrayal of his friends, or of his fellows, or of his followers, or of his God. It may be morbid; but these things haunt me: and even when, upon some glad holiday, I see, amidst some free people, thousands of happy and fearless faces, I think upon what mounds of forgotten mental misery and bodily suffering the platform has been raised whereon these good people sport so merrily and so fearlessly."

There was a witty lawyer there, of some note, and he said that the main troubles in life, which he had experienced, and which made him unwilling to have life over again, were noise and interruption. He said he should like

to live at a place where the front opened into a village, so that he might have some society, and where the back looked out into a great sandy desert. In the desert, instead of oases there would be little heaps of white bones—the bones of the people who had come to annoy him. He would put up crosses with inscriptions, such as the following:—"These are the bones of nine telegraph boys;" or "these are the bones of seven twopenny postmen;" or "these are the bones of the man who came to collect subscriptions for the conversion of the Jews."

It was put to him that entrance might be made at the front door. "No," he said, "I should have a little avenue of sinister-looking trees, the leaves all pointing downwards, which should drop poverty upon the incomers. Then I should have malign plants, which should grow up about their feet and attach calumny to them. Then I should have horrible fungi, which should scatter about the spores of general malignity to the whole human race. You would find that people would

not be fond of coming in the front way. Besides, I should have two serpents kept in cages, with the wires rather far apart, at the front door; and if all else failed, I should keep two bores in the ante-chamber—one, the most eminent bore in the House of Commons, the other, the most eminent bore in the House of Lords; and if they did not keep people away, I do not know what would."

But the villagers, what would become of them, was asked of him. You would wish to see them sometimes, for you do not intend to become quite isolated.

No; but they would come with umbrellas, so as to keep off the dreadful drip of poverty. And, besides, one gets accustomed to anything—even to the shrill tongue of a scolding woman. Moreover, the villagers, not having seen much of life, would be rather pleased, than otherwise, with the bores, and would easily endure what to us is intolerable. I should thus have some society and some human company without any intruders.

Then it came to Charles Ashurst's turn to say

something; and he said that he had nothing to complain of in life, as regards himself; but that he did not know that he would have life over again, to suffer what he had suffered in seeing animals maltreated. The present company, had been very good to him, and very delicate, in not asking him how his face had got cut open the other day. He knew that they thought it had been in some disgraceful row; but the truth was, he got it in a fight with a brute of a waggoner, who had been maltreating an over-driven horse. These things made him perfectly miserable; he hated to walk the streets of London and to see so much cruelty, with which he knew he could not wisely interfere. He believed he had done wrong in thrashing that waggoner, for it would all be revenged upon the poor animal; but he could not help it, it was more than flesh and blood could bear.

This endeared him to Mr. Thurston, who went further than that good saint of saints, St. Francis of Assisi, and was wont to call the cab-horses of London "his dear brothers." He took care to

recount this conversation to Lady Alice, for he saw how things were going, and he entirely favoured the suit of Charlie Ashurst, having quite made up his discreet mind that a match between Lady Alice and Casimir would be most unsuitable.

It is needless to say that Alice did all in her power to aid the new private secretary, and to make his work more acceptable to her father. As he improved, much harder work was in store for him. The Fates, in their mischievous way, had decreed that Lord Lochawe should at this time turn his attention to that fearful subject, the currency. Knowledge on that subject was not wanted by him immediately; but he foresaw that it would be wanted in the course of next session. And he began to prepare to acquire it. Of course a part of this work fell upon the extra private secretary.

The last thing I suppose that Leonard Horner would ever have conjectured would have been that his Bullion Report should have a place in a love-story. But so it happened.

Charles Ashurst was ordered to furnish a *précis* of Lord Ashburton's evidence before Horner's committee. He had grown pale over it; but had really done his work very tolerably; and Lady Alice and he were looking over it together—she finding every fault she could with it, and he dutifully making alterations accordingly.

Now it is a most dangerous thing to be *in statu pupillari* to a woman whom one loves. Alice stood over Charles Ashurst, and sometimes pushed his hand aside to refer to some passage in the Blue Book, which she maintained had not been fully represented in his *précis*. At last they came to something like a dispute, she maintaining that the witness had said one thing, and he maintaining that the witness had meant another. Women are always more literal than men in their rendering of anything that is before them, and they would make the most accurate translators in the world. She became vehement and emphatic; and their hands and faces were very close together, in canvassing the disputed passage. She had the best of the argument; for more than half his

mind was given to thinking about her, and not about Lord Ashburton, whereas she was wholly intent upon her work.

"What a dear, kind, good girl you are," he said; and at this moment he put his hand upon hers which was upon the blue book. She said, "nonsense," but she did not remove her hand.

"Ah, Alice," he exclaimed, as he rose from his chair and held her hand in his, "if you would but consent to be my tutor for life, you would see what a dutiful, what an affectionate, pupil I would be to you."

Women are incomprehensible beings—at least to us men they are. I should have prophesied, and I knew her well, that she would have made some droll witty reply, and would have withdrawn her little hand from his. It was not the first time that she had had things of this kind said to her, and she was what is called a girl of the world; but upon this occasion she behaved worse than any loving milk-maid.

"Oh, not my pupil, dear, my master," and she leant on his breast, and cried and sobbed as if she

had been one of the most excitable and least dignified of maidens. Charles Ashurst's astonishment was almost equal to his joy. He whispered many endearing words to her; said how unworthy he was of her, and how he thought there was one (meaning Casimir) not far from them, one who was far more worthy of her. But she said, "No, no, only you."

Her return to calmness was shown by an utterance which was more like her usual self. "See," she said, "how you have spoilt my gown with your inky pen." He had kept his pen in his hand all the time.

I have before referred to the fact that in Dante's well-known story the lovers did not read any more that day; but in this story of real life the principal actors concerned were obliged to go on with their work, and did not desist from it, though it was often interrupted in the way that lovers will interrupt each other's work, until the stern paternal voice was heard calling for his private secretary.

"May I tell him, dearest?" he said, "we ought to tell him;" and she whispered—"You may."

It was a piece of good fortune that Charlie Ashurst's work for that day was well done, and that Lord Lochawe praised him for it, and even said, "I should like you, Ashurst, to come into Parliament at the same time that Glenant comes."

Then Charles Ashurst began to tell his story, with much stuttering and stammering, and with many half-finished sentences. A man, perhaps, never cuts a poorer figure than when he is having his first serious interview with a middle-aged, or elderly gentleman, whom he hopes to have as his father-in-law, and whom he fears and respects and wishes to love, for ought he not to love every body who belongs to her?

"I know, my Lord," he said, "that I am most unworthy to be her husband and your son-in-law; but I can't help it."

Lord Lochawe, who, though keen-sighted enough in questions of currency, was not equally keen-sighted in matters of love, had never dreamed of this catastrophe; and, accustomed to govern, had, in fact, made up his mind that the son of her whom he had loved so much

should be his son-in-law. He was, nevertheless, most kind and good-natured to the young man. He even said it was an honour, but that was only an official saying, that Mr. Ashurst should wish to marry his daughter. Secretly he believed that Lady Alice would not listen for a moment to Charles Ashurst's suit, and he said, as it were, casually, "I suppose Alice knows nothing, Ashurst, of your kind intentions."

"Yes, my Lord, I believe she does."

"And what does she say?"

"She did not say 'no,' my Lord," said Ashurst, modestly.

"Good God, sir," said the Earl, "you don't mean it."

"Yes, my Lord, I do."

Now, as I believe I have said before, it is a remarkable fact that men of business are generally very unworldly men. Why, otherwise, should they be men of business, taking so much pains for other people, especially when they are men in Lord Lochawe's position.

The Earl saw at once how matters were. He

then recollected, as fathers in such cases do, many things which he had left unnoticed before. He knew that his daughter Alice was not a person likely to change her mind. He went over, in his own mind, the good qualities of the young man before him, and saw why he had submitted to this unwelcome slavery of the private secretaryship. The Earl made up his mind to give his consent; but thought, official man as he was, he would do a bit of business at the same time. "You will not desert me," he said; "and you will stand, on the government interest, for —— shire."

Poor Charles Ashurst would have stood for a department in the lower regions if he had been asked to do so, as the means of gaining Lady Alice. And he replied, "Certainly, Lord Lochawe; whatever you wish I will do."

And then the Earl said, "I consent with all my heart, my dear boy; God bless you. Don't forget to be punctual to-morrow morning. There is a great deal to be done before we shall have mastered this splendid report. How I wish that

Leonard Horner were alive again, and Charles Buller and George Lewis. All of them died so young; and here am I living on, an old fellow not worth a tithe part of any one of them."

It was impossible not to love Lord Lochawe when you came to know him, for he was so modest and so good a man, and had been so little spoilt by power.

The future father-in-law and the accepted son-in-law shook hands warmly; and Charles Ashurst left the room. It may be a silly thing to tell of him, and a wasteful thing too, but he kissed "the dear 'Blue-book,'" as he called it, after he had shut the door of Lord Lochawe's study.

Lady Alice was not far off, and received the welcome intelligence of her father's consent, not, however, a surprise to her, for she knew her father well, with a proper gladness.

"I must go now, dear Alice," said Charles Ashurst, "for your excellent father, who has been so good to me, must not find his goodness makes me idle; and there is a dreadful lot to be done, my love, before to-morrow morning."

"Come to me first," she whispered, "that we may look over it together."

And thus began for Lady Alice and Charles Ashurst that sweet time of permitted and recognised courtship—the sweetest time, indeed, that is ever allowed to man or woman in this troublesome and troubled world of ours.

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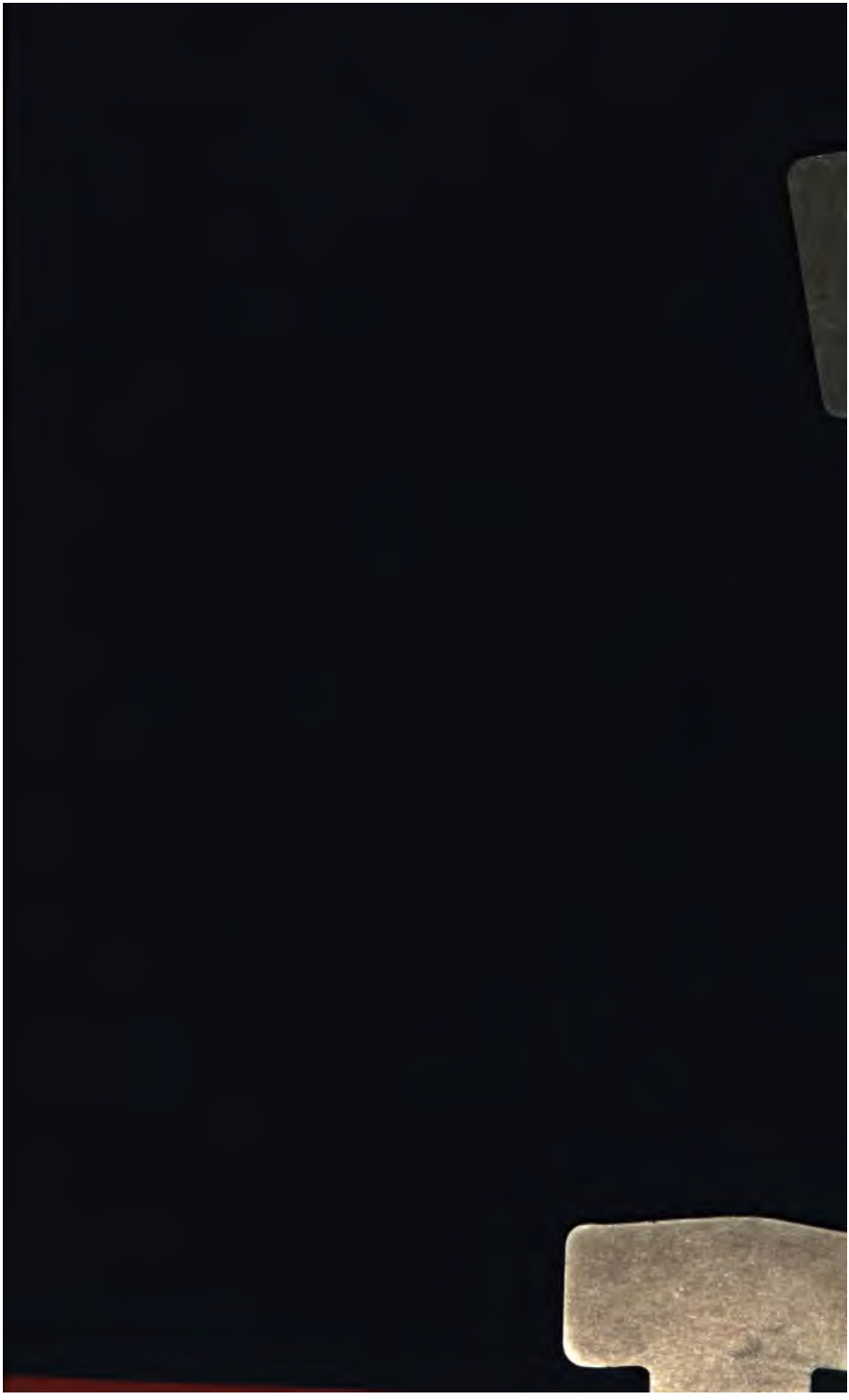
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TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.